The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME IX | New York, Saturday, January 13, 1917 | Number 115

Contents

Editorial Notes 278

Leading Editorials

Roosevelt and Righteousness 281

The Will to Believe 283

Conscription for America 285

General Articles

The Structure of Peace ..... Herbert Croly 287

Ghosts ..... Edward Eyre Hunt 291

The Trenton Penitentiary ..... Patrick L. Quinlan 292

The Peace Note in London ..... H. N. Brailsford 295

Correspondence 297

Books and Things ..... P. L. 300

More Books and Things ..... W. L. 301

The Movies ..... Vachel Lindsay 302

Reviews of Books

Patronizing the War ..... F. H. 303

Inventing a Great Race ..... Franz Boas 305

Recent Publications 307

IN refusing to endorse that part of the President's note which implied the assumption by this country of political responsibilities in Europe, the Senate was behaving true to type. It was asked to return a verdict on the abstract question whether or not the United States should abandon a tradition which for generations had formed part of the stock-in-trade of American political orators. Of course it returned a negative answer. The Senators are primarily politicians, and politicians need to be confronted by concrete situations, in which specific choices involve specific consequences, before they will return significant answers. When they are presented with a choice between expressing irresponsible approval of a new phrase or an old phrase, they are bound to play safe and tread softly along well worn paths. What the verdict of Congress will be when it is confronted by the necessity of choosing between two acts, one of which implies the assumption of political responsibilities in Europe and the other of which implies their repudiation, obviously cannot be predicted in advance. It will depend upon the nature of the concrete issue. But this much can be asserted with confidence. Americans, whether they are politicians or not, recognize facts; and the fact is that the principle underlying Pan-Americanism cannot be confined in its application to the Americas but must be made to include Europe. We can and should distinguish the United States from Europe. We cannot and should not seek to isolate it. During the last two years those Americans who think seriously about foreign policy have in the great majority of cases reached this conclusion. The authority of the older tradition has been undermined, and when the real test comes it will collapse —more quickly and completely than now seems possible.

AN English firm of munition makers has submitted a bid to the Navy Department for sixteen-inch shells which is two hundred dollars a shell less than the next lowest bid of an American firm and which promises a much quicker delivery of the order. Such are the facts, and they are facts which need to be thoroughly chewed before they can be properly digested. How does it happen that an English firm is willing to manufacture shells for the American government at a time when its own government is still placing large orders for munitions in this country? Are the English counting on an early termination of the war? Or are they adopting an effective and sensational method of advertising the exorbitant prices charged by American munition makers? Is the ability of the English firm to submit a bid so much more favorable than that of its American competitor due to the provision which the British Admiralty has been obliged to make for the manufacture of navy shells on a large scale? Or is it an illustration and a result of the higher level of prices in this country? In the second event what will become of American export trade after the war? There is matter here for investigation both by the Navy Department and the Trade Commission. The Navy Department can hardly accept any of the bids without finding out why there is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so much difference between them and whether the difference is due to comparatively permanent and substantial causes or merely to the practice of American munition plants to render poor service at high prices.

SOME Americans are so afraid of embarrassing the Allies that they always take pains to repeat with emphasis the extreme of British opinion, even when that opinion is, to say the least, embarrassing to the United States and its President. Such Americans are about to discover that British opinion is not a unit, that the censored despatches and official announcements fail to represent an influential section which is more sympathetic with American purposes than they themselves are. For the censorship is apparently being relaxed, and liberal Englishmen will be increasingly heard in this country. It is reported that Lord Buckmaster, the new Lord High Chancellor, has declared in favor of a negotiated peace. And one of the first evidences of the relaxed censorship is the cabled speech of Mr. Barnes, the British Minister of Pensions, who said in part: "We should accept the invitation of the American President to tell him, at any rate, what our terms or objects are. . . . I should let the President be under no misapprehension as to our general objects, positive or negative, and I attach as much importance to the one as to the other. . . . We should cease to talk to the President in rhetorical terms. To him we ought to be a little more explicit, and we ought to tell him in a precise, matter-of-fact proposition what we want before we can start to talk about peace terms or enter into negotiations." Here is a member of the British government admitting that the Allied objects have not been made explicit, and urging that they should be made so. But of course he must be a pro-German!

THE political results of the validation of the Webb-Kenyon bill by the Supreme Court are likely to be beneficial. It will enable "dry" states wholly to prevent the consumption of liquor within their own jurisdiction, and it will, consequently, induce their voters to consider more carefully the consequences of accepting prohibition. It will deprive the agitators for a federal prohibition amendment of a strong argument in its favor. Finally, it will pave the way for flexible coöperation between the state and the national governments. If the state governments are incapable of performing properly the functions entrusted to them, those functions suffer inevitably from atrophy and some measure of doubtful or undesirable centralization ultimately follows. The future vitality of our state governments depends in part on the willingness of the central government to coöperate in the carrying out of policies desired by local public opinion and in part on the willingness of the local governments to coöperate in the carrying out of policies desired by national public opinion. The action of the Supreme Court in holding the Webb-Kenyon bill constitutional will help to increase the serviceability of both the state and national governments and so to increase their authority.

IT may be doubtful whether Thomas W. Lawson has any authentic information to disclose about the alleged leaks of "valuable secrets," but since he has made the claim in public, Congress should certainly afford him no pretext for refusing to testify. Every party and public interest calls for a thorough-going investigation of any rumor whose purveyors dare to submit to public inspection. Up to date, however, the inquiry has brought to light nothing except the culpable irresponsibility of the accusers. It was outrageous for Congressman Wood to involve the President's Secretary in the business without making any preliminary attempt to verify the accusation, or to submit the charges to Mr. Tumulty himself. That these particular charges have been proved to be groundless does not, however, justify an abandonment of the investigation. A considerable number of people were in possession for several days of a valuable secret, and if a leak took place, it would not be extraordinary. Under similar circumstances leaks usually take place. In Great Britain the reputation of at least one great newspaper has been built upon its advocacy of policies which its managers had reason to know would be subsequently adopted by the government. The danger should be recognized, and every precaution taken to diminish the interval between the adoption of a decision by the responsible heads of the governments and the imparting of it to the public.

IT is as a woman of political training and experience that Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, the Irish suffragist, is telling American audiences the facts of her husband's murder during the Irish rising. If the British government had acted promptly on the news of this tragedy, Mrs. Skeffington would have little to tell the public in this country. The relation of Dublin Castle to Sheehy Skeffington's arrest, however, the nature of his execution, the efforts of the military to shield Capt. Bowen Colthurst, the circumstances under which he was later pronounced insane and Mr. Asquith's interview about compensation create an impression which Mrs. Skeffington's personal restraint and dig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nity go far to enforce. The official behavior in regard to this militarist murder was not merely stupid. It showed in its essence many signs of that class and racial prejudice which is a mischievous by-product of the relations between England and Ireland. For Americans who question the substantiality of Irish "grievance" there is a great deal of instruction in the British handling of this pacifist's murder. Seeing the amount of national bias it revealed, it is one of those events that make one wonder how England can keep invoking "the principle of nationality."

ONE of the most liberal speeches from a governor of an American state was the second inaugural address of Governor Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, delivered in Boston on January 4th. Yet so temperate was its tone, so moderate its style, that even the Boston *Transcript*—a paper hardly noted for its political radicalism—was almost adulatory in its praise of the statesmanship which inspired it. "I am strongly of the opinion," said the Governor, "that there is no form of social insurance that is more humane, sounder in principle, and that would confer a greater benefit upon large groups of our population and upon the Commonwealth as a whole than health insurance." He recommended compulsory health insurance and a system of old-age pensions, both to be modeled upon the forms which had proved the most workable in the experience of Germany and Great Britain. The conventional objections to pensions —that they tended to discourage thrift and to disrupt the family—were answered with a sanity and a sense of realism which would be creditable to the most enlightened of modern psychologists or economists. "There are few who would be tempted to throw aside their ambition to achieve a competency, lured by the narrow proportions of the old-age pensions." Again: "One of the advantages of the pension would be that it would enable the parents in many cases to live with their children and keep families unbroken." Once more, speaking of the revolution wrought by machinery in modern industrialism: "It is not economically just to credit to machinery the whole saving in production and leave a man a derelict at the end of his working time. There should be charged against it the damage done him as a producing agency in the cost of production." Quite properly the Governor did not discuss the legislative details of the proposals; his business was to outline the broad policy. But this task was performed with great conciseness and clarity. Many would have expected such a speech to come from an experimental state in the West. Yet Massachusetts, though not a radical state, has often been a leader in liberal measures; and these proposals are so soundly based that no one should be surprised if Massachusetts adopts them.

AN ugly problem awaits the governor-elect of New Jersey. The personal experiences of Mr. Patrick L. Quinlan in the New Jersey Penitentiary are reported at sufficient length in this issue to indicate part of the record of that state institution, but it was impossible for Mr. Quinlan, in the nature of things, to represent all of the problem as it awaits Mr. Edge. While there are aspects of the Trenton situation on which Mr. Quinlan has not even touched, attempts of the present warden to improve the daily life of the men, to get men out of the prison building to work in the open air, the difficulty of improving the prison is deep down. It is true that the building is antiquated and insanitary, the food bad, many of the guards lazy and unfair, but much graver is the defect of the system under which the prison is run. The governor will have to confront reactionary and obstructive tactics on the part of the majority of the board of inspectors, their lack of vision, their refusal to become interested in any of the newer methods of penology. It is the result of deficiencies in the system that comes out in the painful narrative Mr. Quinlan presents.

ON the calendar of the Senate for early consideration is a bill designed to banish corrupt practices from federal elections, by proposing a series of definite restrictions and sharp penalties for their infringement. The expenditures in both presidential and congressional elections are limited to amounts considerably lower than what has been spent in recent elections, and the promise of political appointment is made a felony. How rigidly these restrictions can be enforced is a matter of speculation, but that Congress will attempt to make them forceful seems certain. The bill will probably be passed without having its teeth drawn, because any congressman knows that the more difficult it is made for an outsider to carry an election the easier it is for him to retain his seat. In the leave-to-print and franking privileges he has campaign weapons which are not available to the outsider and which will not be affected by the provisions of the corrupt practices act. The fundamental difficulty of the whole problem is the failure of the public to participate in its own government. Even with the best of legislation an educated opinion is the only agency that can successfully combat corruption in politics. But in the meantime there is an opportunity for service awaiting the congressman who will fight for an application of the corrupt practices act to Congress itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt and Righteousness

"I am for righteousness."
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IN the current issue of the *Metropolitan Magazine* Mr. Roosevelt breaks loose in a violent onslaught upon the idea and the advocates of a League to Enforce Peace. His intention in publishing the article was to check the obviously increasing popularity of the agitation in favor of American participation in such a league, and its effect cannot fail to be mischievous because the article is loaded with the authority of an ex-President of the United States whose words always carry a certain amount of weight at home and abroad. But in this instance Mr. Roosevelt has overreached himself. The article will do more damage to Mr. Roosevelt's own reputation than it will to the popularity of a League to Enforce Peace. It is not a frank and well informed discussion of the idea of a peace league, such as one has a right to expect from an ex-President who is peculiarly competent to deal with questions of foreign policy. If it were, it would deserve respectful consideration on its merits, no matter how sharp and how emphatic Mr. Roosevelt might be in his expression of an ultimately unfavorable verdict. It is a vindictive personal attack on the President and the ex-President of the United States who are the most prominent supporters of American participation in such a league, combined with a disingenuous attempt to explain away Mr. Roosevelt's own former advocacy of the principle underlying the plan. The mere repetition of his reasons for dissent and the comparison of these reasons with his earlier arguments in favor of the idea will be sufficient to expose the quality of the discussion.

In the course of the attack Mr. Roosevelt makes the following statement about the peace league and its supporters: Agitation in its favor is "infamous" and "against international morality" because it tends to "distract attention" from the higher duty of "protesting" against the Belgian deportations. The league is supported by too many "professional pacifists," whose influence is an "unmixed evil" and whose proposals should be disregarded because they are "failing in their duty" in not "protesting" against the violation of the Hague Conventions. It is only "one more quack nostrum for international wrong." "In some form or another it has been made now and then for centuries." Mr. Roosevelt himself "outlined" it in his address to the Nobel Peace Committee and subsequently elaborated it in a chapter, entitled "Utopia or Hell?" of his book "America and the World War," but he now considers it a "mischievous sham," because we have not since adopted "obligatory military training" for all young American men. It would commit the United States to submitting the question whether the Monroe Doctrine should be abolished to "an arbitral tribunal upon which Chinese and Turkish judges might deliver the casting vote." "We should be obliged under penalty of breaking faith to devote our whole military and economic strength to a long-drawn and bloody war for a cause in which our people had no concern and in some place where we could hardly exert even a tiny fraction of our strength." Agitation in favor of a peace league is "peculiarly mean and odious hypocrisy" on the part of a man "who has not raised his voice in specific and emphatic protest against the brutal wrong done to Belgium and in specific and emphatic denunciation of the wrongdoer, Germany, and of our own government for refusing to take any action in reference thereto." No such man "is entitled to speak on behalf of any proposal to prevent such wrongs in the future." "It is wicked at this time to press any movement which interferes with the all-essential movement for spiritual and material preparedness."

Many of these criticisms of a peace league and its supporters are either mutually incompatible or should have seemed so to Mr. Roosevelt. The idea of the league has appeared and reappeared during centuries; it has been advocated by Mr. Roosevelt himself; yet it is a "quack nostrum." It would necessitate the submission of vital American interests to the casting vote of Chinese and Turkish judges, and it would commit us to exerting our whole military and naval strength in places where we could hardly exert even a tiny fraction of our strength. If Mr. Roosevelt's discussion of the peace league were limited to assertions such as the foregoing, it could be dismissed with a gesture of weariness and with a feeling of personal sorrow on the part of people who once believed in Mr. Roosevelt. But the article contains other arguments against a peace league and its supporters which cannot be so lightly disregarded. In it Mr. Roosevelt denounces as "infamous" and so on the advocates of a plan of international organization, which only two years ago he himself ably and strongly supported. This revolution in his own opinions raises questions of consistency, of personal good faith and of readiness to act upon his own words much more substantial than those which he raises against the friends of a peace league. Of course a man may change his mind; but if he changes his mind he should explain to former converts like ourselves, why his former reasons no longer hold good. As a matter of fact they do hold. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arguments which Mr. Roosevelt used two years ago to support a league of peace as a promising experiment in international organization have even more force now than they had then. The kind of abuse which he lavishes upon advocates of the proposed league was more deserved then, when he himself was its advocate, than it is now when he is a backslider. No change has taken place except one in Mr. Roosevelt himself; and it is a change which makes some of us sceptical of his title to be considered the undisputed Chief of the Kingdom of Righteousness.

In the book entitled "America and the Great War," which he published in 1915, Mr. Roosevelt sought to indoctrinate his fellow countrymen with what he believed to be the lessons for them of the catastrophe in Europe. The dominant idea which pervades the book is that of a necessary increase of American armaments for the protection of American liberties; but Mr. Roosevelt at that time expressly rejected the idea that American security could be guaranteed by armaments alone. He declared (page 107) "we ought not and must not rest content with working for our own defense." He reached this conclusion as the result of a careful analysis of the causes of the war. He pointed out (page 67 and following) that all "the peoples of the several European nations believe themselves to be fighting for righteous causes" connected with their national safety, and that if "we are to prevent a repetition of this world tragedy" the intensity of this conviction of national righteousness becomes "a prime factor for consideration." Mere preparedness will not avail, because the European nations were prepared almost to the extent of their resources previous to the present war. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt uses phrases which imply that the greater the military preparedness the greater the danger of such catastrophes. It creates mutual fears, and these fears paralyze the forces which make for righteousness within a nation. "The fear among the plain German people of the combined strength of France and Russia made them acquiesce in the policy of the military party which was to disregard the laws of international morality" (page 73). "At present each nation has cause for the fear it feels. Each nation has cause to believe that its national life is in peril unless it is able to take the national life of one or more of its foes or at least hopelessly to cripple that foe." The causes of this fear must be removed or "these causes will bring about a repetition of the same awful tragedy."

After this analysis of the origin of the world war Mr. Roosevelt goes on to consider the remedy. The difficulty consists in the entire lack of "connection between force on the one hand and any scheme for securing international peace or justice on the other" (page 81). Such a connection can be established by creating some kind of an international police power to stand behind international sense of right as expressed in a competent tribunal (page 62). Mr. Roosevelt returns to this idea again and again, and it is not necessary to repeat his repetitions. In so far as he develops his plan in detail it differs in certain respects from the program which the advocates of a peace league are now recommending to the American people; but the object which Mr. Roosevelt was trying to accomplish in 1915 is the same as that which Mr. Wilson is trying to accomplish in 1917. Both were or are seeking the creation of a legal obligation on the part of powerful nations to use force for the guaranteeing of international security and justice. "Under such conditions," Mr. Roosevelt says (that is, if a peace league were instituted) "Belgium would be safe from any attack, such as that made by Germany, and Germany would be released of the haunting fear its people now have lest the Russians and the French smash their empire to pieces." He calls the alternative utopian, but it is "a Utopia of a very practical kind," a working and realizable Utopia; and "the *only* alternative" to Utopia is the perpetuation of war or the perpetuation of hell.

Consider the situation in which Mr. Roosevelt is placed by the comparison between his arguments of two years ago, and his attitude of to-day. In 1915 preparation for national defense was called insufficient because the more thoroughly nations prepared without establishing some connection between the use of force and the organization of international peace and justice, the more intense and dangerous became their apprehensions one of another. To-day anybody who advocates American participation in this organization of international peace is "wicked" because the agitation may distract attention from the military preparedness which, in the absence of such organization, Mr. Roosevelt has himself declared to result in calamitous war. True, Mr. Roosevelt was as emphatic then as he is now in advocating military and naval preparation; he was as emphatic then as now in proclaiming the futility of American participation in the organization of peace, unless the nation were better prepared to contribute its share of the effective force by which the authority of a peace league would have to be sustained. But in the interval between 1915 and to-day such preparations have been begun. The government adopted in 1916 a program of naval construction whose cost exceeds that voted in one year before the war by Great Britain and Germany combined, and which aims to make the United States the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equal of any other naval power except the British Empire. The program of military preparation adopted in the same year is a failure for which the administration is justly censurable, but the nation has fully made up its mind to increase its army and so to add to the force which would be available either for self-defense or to sustain the responsibilities of possible American participation in a peace league. If it is "wicked" in 1917 to agitate for such a league, it was more "wicked" in 1915. And what about the wickedness of advocating military and naval preparedness which, according to Mr. Roosevelt's own testimony, would result in hell unless it is accompanied by participation in organization, now condemned by Mr. Roosevelt, to promote international security and justice? The truth is, of course, precisely the opposite of what Mr. Roosevelt now proclaims it to be. What takes the curse out of American military and naval preparedness is the official support of the peace league. It is because we have begun to prepare that the peace league should become part of American foreign policy.

The Belgian argument shows even more clearly the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt is falsifying and cheapening great issues for the gratification of personal animosities. The Belgian deportations constitute a hideous and detestable abuse of military power; but what are we to make of a man who stigmatizes as "infamous" the agitation for a peace league designed to prevent or discourage such outrages on the ground that it distracts attention from the outrage itself? The outrages are real, but they are irretrievable. The most formidable array of economic military and naval force ever brought together in the world's history is now being exerted to stop them. Much can be alleged in favor of participation by the United States in the job undertaken by the Allies of redeeming Belgium. Still more can be alleged in favor of making the Germans feel in every effective way American detestation of such behavior. But why should the need of "protesting" against the Belgian deportations condemn to infamy the agitation for a peace league, which, if it were organized, would according to Mr. Roosevelt's own testimony safeguard Belgium in the future from a repetition of "any attack such as that made by Germany"? The "protest," however useful in other respects will not avail to put a stop to the outrages, whereas the organization of a peace league may put a stop to their repetition. Its advocates believe in it precisely because it would place beyond controversy the obligation of this country to interfere in case of the repetition of such an offense. Moreover, if it was an act of righteousness in 1915 to distract attention from the Belgian calamity by agitating for a peace league, why should it be "infamous" in 1917 to follow this example? In the meantime the idea of such a league has been expressly approved by representatives of three of the most powerful European governments, and a very considerable measure of popular interest and support has been created in this country and Great Britain. It is less utopian now than it was in 1915. It has become a matter of practical foreign policy, which must enter into the calculations of ministers of foreign affairs. And if the peace league is less utopian than it was, what Mr. Roosevelt described as the *only* alternative has proved to be more calamitous than could have been anticipated in 1915. In describing such an alternative as the present war as hell, Mr. Roosevelt was not exaggerating, yet he now sanctifies as righteous a policy of deliberately preferring the descent into the abyss, and he condemns to some other kind of damnation people who object to accompanying him on the journey.

The Will to Believe

FOR two and a half years, the war has put upon men's minds a responsibility for which few had any preparation. It is literal truth that so varied a number of people have never before had so tangled and so delicate a situation to deal with. They have had to grope through veils of illusion for judgments which meant life and death to millions. Every man who looks candidly into his own mind knows that it is a haphazard collection of rumors and flashes, of sharp experiences, of jostling memories and hopes, odds and ends of fact, pale little schemes of history. Many people, to be sure, resent any such confession, and insist on walking about in patent-leather certainties. They know, by God, they know, like the fashionable rector in New York City who recently offered to sacrifice ten million European lives for what he called righteousness. They know, oh yes they know that the war must be fought to a finish though they could not define what they mean by a finish if their immortal souls depended upon it. What this kind of assurance comes to really is a moral detachment from the issues of the war. To sit by as a neutral and refuse to consider the awful complications of the struggle is to wash your hands of it, no matter how violently you repeat that you want one side or the other to win. It is to be no less aloof from the actual problems than are those who, seeing only horror, cry peace on any terms.

Yet the effort to find a way through is difficult beyond precedent. We are in the midst of it, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject to epidemics of all sorts. Journalists especially, hurried and limited as they are, can hardly help feeling that they are stumbling and stuttering most of the time. Unavoidably they say more than they meant or less, they take a tone or an emphasis which is partial and misleading. Like the blind men in the fable they are trying to describe the elephant by touching in casual succession its trunk and its tusks and its tail. And they are compelled to ask the indulgence of their readers if in describing the tusks as hard and bony they appear to be saying that the whole animal is hard and bony.

In THE NEW REPUBLIC, for example, we have said time and time again that the chief item of American foreign policy must be to find a basis of thorough agreement with the British Empire. We have urged that military preparedness should be adopted to that end, and have hit at those enthusiasts who proclaim their undying love for Britain in one breath and urge America to outbuild her navy in the next. It has been perfectly evident, however, that real understanding could not be reached by fine words and fine sentiments. There are many things in America and Britain that will have to be altered before political alliance is possible. These things have to be talked about with the utmost candor, even though the first effect is to cause irritation rather than allay it. The two peoples will never find a common path by means of after-dinner speeches, Anglo-American snobbery, and a colonialism of spirit. Nor will they find it, as many well meaning people urge, by suppressions and silences. Whatever the temporary cost, it is only by self-respect which can give and take that the essential understanding will be created. The two nations are not served by flattery, they are merely deceived.

There used to be, for example, continual talk that Germany must be "crushed," and anyone who criticized such talk was regarded as rather "pro-German." Even those who did not indulge in it said that it was useless to protest against it, because as a matter of fact Germany showed no signs of being crushed. What they did not see was that the talk was instantly flashed to Germany, that it played right into the hands of the war party, that it raised false hopes among the Allied peoples, and that it alienated the neutrals. Yet it has been said that to be critical of the extremists among the Allies was to be unfriendly to the Allied cause.

Another source of irritation was the journalistic campaign which asked for specifications as to what the destruction of Prussian militarism meant. The first reaction was to grow angry and say that everybody knew just what it meant. But everybody didn't, and as a result liberals began to fear that the phrase might become a mask for a vindictive policy of territorial aggression. They did not forget that there was a Prussian militarism which had conscripted the body and soul of the German nation, which had played the bully in diplomacy, which had proclaimed a national philosophy intolerable to Europe, which respected no treaty, overran and mutilated Belgium, sank the Lusitania to the widespread applause of the German people, organized sedition and conspiracy on neutral territory, tried to arouse a holy war in the East, stood by while the Armenians were massacred, turned its face against all effort to avert the war, dreamed that it would win supremacy in the world by the most deliberate and ingenious preparation mankind ever knew. Of all people it is the liberal democrat who can say most sincerely that he hates this thing, hates it in Germany, hates an imitation of it at home.

Yet just because the purpose is so real, it is necessary every minute to consider the ways and means of accomplishing it. No one can evade the questions: What are the military objectives which will lead to this result? What must be the condition on the battlefield which is most likely to change the spirit and aims of German policy? Would the change come if peace were made now on the territorial status quo ante, with the present neutral world as added guarantors? Some think it is possible that the memory of this war, the enormous burden of debt, a commercial outlet in Asia Minor, and the existence of guaranties would release the German democracy within the next generation. Others think that even a moderate peace now is undesirable, and that the Allies must secure the prestige of a victory in the field before they can dare to enter negotiations. Still others think that the Germans are such different clay that peace must rest on victory as absolute as that which the North won in the American Civil War. Our own sympathies lie rather with the second of these groups. That the peace will have to be negotiated, that it cannot be dictated seems to us not only evident but desirable. That it would be better to negotiate after the German army had tasted defeat is probable. But in choosing this probability every one must face the awful gamble on which it rests. No one knows what it would cost to secure a victory on a scale which would compel the German army to retreat say to the Belgian border. To make this choice easily, cocksurely, hastily, without remembering what it means in human agony, without remembering that the result is mere guess-work, is to be rather more extravagant with other people's lives than any half-informed neutral has a right to be.

At no time has THE NEW REPUBLIC intended

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to say that now is the moment to end the war. What we have said is that the time is ripe for a discussion of how and when to end the war. As part of that discussion it has been necessary to face as frankly as possible the meaning of a peace negotiated now. It would mean that Middle Europe existed, even though Germany held no foot of conquered territory. It would mean a genuine loss of prestige by the British in the eastern world, and a rather complete destruction of Russian influence in the Balkans and Asia Minor. It is impossible to deny this. But it doesn't follow that Germany dominant in Middle Europe would be able to use it as basis for the domination of all Europe and the world. It is at least arguable that this heterogeneous collection of uneducated and exasperated nationalities would prove ungovernable unless Germany reformed her manners and her methods by a liberalism akin to that of the British in the Dominions. Merely to look at the map and say, this is too much, it's too hideous, is not the final word on the question.

It is well for most of us to be open-minded about Middle Europe, because we may have to be. To be sure, if we happened to be omnipotent, we should not choose Middle Europe as an ideal. We should choose a federalized Austria-Hungary, a Balkan confederation, and a neutralization of the Dardanelles. But if we have to choose between German leadership in the Balkans and its alternative: an everlasting struggle between Germany and Russia in the Balkans, we prefer the German frying pan to the fire itself. After all the accomplished fact is a serious business, and just how Middle Europe is to be unscrambled is difficult to see. The victory we hope for this spring on the western front will take down the Germans as against the French and English, but will it convince Bulgaria and Turkey, and Serbia too, that the Russians are their real protectors?

Neither Middle Europe nor Russia astride the Dardanelles is a permanent or hopeful solution, and it need not be the final one. Middle Europe is likely to exist as a voluntary choice by the chief Balkan nations and Turkey just so long as the only alternative the Allies present is Russian supremacy. But suppose Allied statesmanship could rise high enough to offer these peoples internationalization of the trade routes and of the chief strategic points as the basis of a protected Balkan confederation, then it would not be necessary to take Middle Europe so seriously. A plan of that sort presented to the world by the Allies would probably fulfill their own desires, would awaken liberal enthusiasm, and arouse sentiment in the Near East which would make a German Middle Europe infinitely difficult.

Conscription for America

IN allowing the present session of Congress to slip by without moving for military reform the administration is making a very serious mistake. That part of the country which thinks about military affairs at all is convinced that the militia scheme under the Hay bill is utterly unsound. This judgment is not based on temporary defects of administration. It is based on a mature belief that a second line cannot be recruited, trained, or commanded along the present arrangements and that the Hay bill produces an incurable tangle of army affairs and congressional politics.

The report recently issued by Mayor Mitchel's Committee on National Defense tends to confirm the adverse popular verdict upon the attempt made in the Hay bill to erect the National Guard into a second line. The committee had a careful and expert investigation made of the recent mobilization of the state militia, and in the opinion of the committee the mobilization proved the inability of the National Guard to perform a useful work as part of the defensive military strength of the country. It says:

> Reports of the Secretary of War and the bureaus of the War Department show that only enough recruits were obtained to bring the Guard to fifty-five per cent of the required war strength on August 31, and that the Guard troops on the Mexican border and in state camps on that date were only 1,000 officers and men above their prescribed minimum (i. e. peace) strength. Under a control divided between the nation and the states, the troops could not be properly equipped, mobilized, and concentrated. Three months after the call the organizations on the border did not have the equipment required for action in the field, and, classing as recruits the Guardsmen who had had less than three months' service previous to June 18—that is, whose whole training had been less than a dozen armory drills—63 per cent of the force consisted of untrained men.

There are two large alternatives proposed. One is conscription. The other is such radical reform of the voluntary principle as Mr. Walter Fisher so ably advocated recently before the Chamberlain committee. The only third course is to let matters drift, and it this which the administration seems to accept. It will not do, and the sooner the President and Mr. Baker face the fact and act on it the better. Their silence and seeming inaction will have just one result. Practically all the people who are interested in military affairs will declare for conscription. But these people represent a small though powerful minority of the nation. The majority of the people, once they are taught to believe that the only reform possible is conscription, will inevitably gather into a fierce

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposition to any military reform. The country will be torn between two sects of extreme views. For the man who thinks conscription can be applied to-day in America hasn't even an elementary grasp of the political situation. What England dared not do until two years of war had elapsed, what Canada and Australia still refuse to do, Americans will not do in the face of a Europe they believe to be exhausted. Whatever the theoretical advantages of conscription may be, it is for the present politically unavailable.

No one has better reason to know it than the leaders of the present administration. This state of affairs is a challenge to their statesmanship. They have to produce a plan for creating a larger highly trained army, a considerable reserve, and a skeleton system around which a still larger force could be built either by volunteering or by draft. Radical reform of the present military system will be required. An enlarged army can probably be recruited voluntarily only if sufficient wages are paid, military life made more attractive, the caste system abolished. Even then the voluntary plan may fail, but until it has been tried honestly and courageously, it is futile to expect that conscription is feasible.

The administration appears to be paralyzed between the pacifism of the West, the jobbery of Congress, and the determination of the officers to secure an army easily by compulsion. Unless the President grasps the nettle, and proposes a drastic plan of his own, the country will remain inadequately armed while a fierce verbal battle rages around the theory of conscription. It seems clear to us that those who believe in a better army, and want it now, will devote their first energy to a real effort to try out the voluntary plan.

Statecraft consists of combining the elements of a confused situation into something which involves and satisfies the essential factors in each. The elements to-day are these: the failure of the federalized militia, the urgent need of about two hundred and fifty thousand men backed by a trained reserve of half a million, the impossibility of recruiting this force at wages and military traditions adopted to conditions a generation or more ago, the existence of a profound popular dislike of conscription and of an aggressive desire for it among a minority.

Unless the administration dominates this situation, sooner or later it will be engulfed by it. It will be wrecked by an agitation which it can neither resist nor fulfill. For our part, much as we distrust conscription as wasteful and unadapted to immediate American needs, it is far preferable to the vicious illusions of the Hay bill. The country would rally to the President, we believe, if he placed before it an army plan which had these essential features:

A first line of 250,000 men.

A short period with the colors and a longer one with the reserve.

Adequate pay, industrial training, and democratization of the army.

A wider national development of the Plattsburg idea adapted to seasonal variations in industry, combined with inducements by which college students could devote their holidays to intensive military training.

An administrative organization into which militia units could be voluntarily incorporated, through which the country could in time of need go over to conscription.

If some such plan is not produced and carefully tried, the administration will be responsible for a failure to arm the country adequately. It will be responsible for a failure in leadership which has permitted the people to drift into irreconcilable factions neither of which can construct, both of them forced to obstruct. Yet the responsibility will not rest altogether on the administration. It will rest also on those men who, understanding the need of military preparedness, have seized upon the theory of conscription without real knowledge of the American temper. Those men who know about the technique of military affairs are defeating their own ends by pushing a propaganda which will prove to be a red herring across the path of military reform. By all means let them talk about conscription, let them keep it before the country as a possibility to be considered, but let them not delude themselves into thinking that it is possible just now. If in addition to talking about a theory which is unworkable at present, they devoted their talents to immediate army reform, they would indeed be serving the nation.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1917, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN S. JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Structure of Peace

"The whole spirit of nationalism stands directly in the path of the League to Enforce Peace."

THE foregoing extract from a private letter puts the conception of a League to Enforce Peace to the test of an ultimate question. Is it inimical to nationalism? If it is, which should be sacrificed, the nation or the League? In the eyes of most pacifists, the insuperable obstacle to the organization of peace has been the domination of international politics by exclusive national interests, and they have sought, consequently, to disparage patriotism and to disintegrate national life for the benefit of a de-nationalized community. Militarists, on the other hand, have treated the proposed organization of peace with contempt and reprobation, because it brought with it a loosening of the bonds and a relaxation of the feeling of national responsibility. In so far as this prevailing conception of the relation between nationalism and organized peace is true, the very process of civilization, as we now know it, would be divided against itself. The nationalism which has proved to be such a serviceable agency of orderly progress in domestic affairs, would bring with it as a necessary consequence international aggression, insecurity and anarchy. Thus the present war is advertising in suffering and blood the dilemma of western civilization. The most progressive peoples in the world are dying by the millions and are spending with lavish prodigality the fruits of their own labor and that of their children at the bidding of national loyalties that are convicted of being suicidal because they call for such insensate and barbarous sacrifices.

If this distracting interpretation of the reaction between nationalism and the institution of peace were really true, the outlook would, indeed, be desolate, but in my opinion it is not true. There is no sufficient basis in history for the condemnation of the national spirit as essentially predatory. There is no sufficient basis in logic for characterizing as inevitable the prevailing opposition between national ambition and international order. The peculiar merit of the plan of a League to Enforce Peace, as compared with other plans of pacifist organization, consists in the promise of its proposed method of escape from the burden of this baleful antithesis. It establishes international order on the foundation of national responsibility. It seeks to create a community of living nations rather than a community of superseded nations of denationalized peoples.

Ever since national states emerged from the political chaos of the Middle Ages they have been struggling to combine order with progress not only in their domestic affairs but in their relations one to another. They have not been equally successful in both attempts. Although no modern nation has succeeded in carrying on its internal development without an occasional appeal to revolution and civil war, still for the most part the needed readjustment of its domestic organization to new facts and aspirations has been accomplished by orderly methods. In the relation of nations one to another war has been more frequently used as an agent of readjustment than has revolution as an instrument of domestic change. Yet modern nations have consistently labored to mitigate their systematic appeal to violence with some measure of international order. A law of nations was born with the beginnings of modern national life, and as the nations have developed, it has, on the whole, become more articulate and authoritative. This public law was a reflection of the actual facts of their relationship one to another. It sought to clarify and organize what they practised in the way of competition and coöperation. It was built on a frank acknowledgment of mutual dependence and it testified to the beginnings of a community life. Within these limits the attempt to establish a community of nations constitutes the fruition of an ideal which has always been latent in nationalism.

But hitherto the struggle to combine nationalism with international order has made little impression upon one stupendous obstacle. There was no sufficiently effective organ of international readjustment except war. Needed changes were, indeed, sometimes effected by such peaceful means as voluntary agreement among nations, or by the decisions of boards of arbitration; but vital conflicts of interest could not be adjusted or the more important international political purposes accomplished either by mutual consent or as the result of applying any generally recognized rule. The international community was composed not only of legally independent units, but of units whose independence was precarious in so far as it was not guaranteed by military strength. War was considered to be an undesirable and dangerous but still reputable method of enabling a nation to expand at the expense of other nations, and so to alter the balance of power in its favor. Since war was the accepted instrument of international readjustment, the law of nations was concerned chiefly with its regulation rather than with the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stitutes of peace; and in framing these regulations the interests of those who did not fight were subordinated to the interests of those who did fight. To this extent, consequently, the law of nations made national aggression legitimate. The community of nations was protected from it, less by any recognized obligation not to cherish subversive ambitions, than by the readiness of other nations to combine against a dangerous aggressor. The older international order culminated in the attempt to preserve a balance among a group of powerful contending nations, surrounded by a fringe of less powerful non-contending Powers. No one of the contending Powers recognized any higher obligation than that either of pursuing or resisting aggressive ambitions. No one of the non-contending Powers recognized any higher obligation than that of keeping, if possible, out of trouble.

This international system, in spite of its glaring imperfections, permitted the accomplishment during the nineteenth century of many useful results. It supplied an order, within which a considerable amount of promising national development and international readjustment has taken place. Since 1814 the larger nations have all more or less improved and liberalized their political and economic organization. During the same period they have been bringing backward peoples all over the world within the radius of their political and economic influence. These readjustments have involved a great deal of callous and brutal exploitation which must be eradicated in the future, but on the whole they were changes in a desirable direction which did not cost more than they were worth. Although the bill of expenses included much warfare, the wars have been isolated, they have not been too outrageously destructive and they have in certain instances been the means of realizing beneficial political objects—such as the emancipation of Christian peoples from Turkish rule, and the unification of Italy and Germany. European statesmen have been disposed to tolerate war and to believe or hope they could keep it subservient to the unofficial but sufficiently effective international order. The controversies among the larger Powers usually concerned their conflicting interests and ambitions in backward countries, and as the value of those interests was small compared to the cost of war they usually had sufficient reason to arrange the needed adjustment by mutual consent. The effective military and naval power of the group of European nations was so nicely balanced and an alteration in the balance involved such awful dangers that many political changes were accomplished by negotiation which formerly would have cost a war. With the assistance of a diplomacy which, although unscrupulous, was still calculating and discreet, many troublesome controversies among the Powers were settled and much was done to define comparative policies and spheres of influence.

The successful operation of this system of international accommodation under the threat of war depended, however, upon the existence of an actual balance of power among the European nations. As the nineteenth century came to an end the means whereby the balance had been traditionally preserved became less effective. During generations the balance wheel had been the United Kingdom, which whenever the equilibrium of power in continental Europe threatened to be upset, had thrown its naval and military force into the scales and restored something like equality of pressure. But in recent years Great Britain has not been able to play the lucrative part of European stabilizer with the old success. Since 1900 the efficiency of the German national organization has increased enormously as compared with its neighbors, Russia and France. With the aid of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and of the strength of their strategic situation in the center of Europe, the Germans ceased to fear the war on two frontiers which Bismarck had dreaded more than anything else. Instead of acting as arbiter between the opposing forces, the United Kingdom sought to preserve the balance of power by entering into a combination with France and Russia against the Central Empires, by lending British diplomatic assistance to Russia and France in the promotion of their colonial policies, and by consistently opposing the enhancement of German political influence. The absorption of the United Kingdom into continental policies made a general peace more difficult to preserve. A balance cannot be sustained between restless forces without a balance wheel, and the former stabilizer which continental Europe had resented but used for so long was neutralized. The existing war is the hideous consequence of the rupture of this old order. Unlike the wars of the nineteenth century it raises not so much a specific and local controversy which is capable of being isolated, but the most fundamental and comprehensive of all questions concerning the foundation of a possible community of nations—the question of whether an international dictatorship is the only alternative to international anarchy.

This fundamental controversy underlies the difficulty of finding a common basis for the discussion of peace terms. When Englishmen stigmatize any treaty of peace, based in general on an even break, as only a preparation for future war, they are in part justified. Such a peace would still leave the balance upon which international order in the past has depended both unstable and devoid of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an adjustable stabilizer. The demand on the part of the Allies for guaranties of future security must in the absence of a different definition be interpreted in the terms of their natural preoccupation with the disturbed equilibrium. France and Great Britain were drawn into the war to prevent Germany from dominating Europe; but now that the contest has cost them such terrible sacrifices, the rulers of those countries seem determined not only to teach Germany the culpable futility of such an ambition, but to set up in alliance with Russia and Italy an over-lordship of their own. They propose to deprive Germany of part of the relative increase of power which she has acquired since 1870, while at the same time they would by annexation of territory make themselves more powerful than they were in 1914. Comparative German impotence would be the keystone of their own security.

But surely such a method of organizing security would only safeguard Europe from one source of danger, and would intensify rather than remove the deeper causes of past insecurity. War would still remain the chief instrument of international readjustment. The Allies would merely have altered an unstable equilibrium of military force in their own favor—an equilibrium which had been made unstable, not because of the superior numbers of German people, but because of the superior efficiency of the German national organization. Within some comparatively short time the equilibrium would again be disturbed. Either Russia would become dangerously powerful or Germany would succeed in buying Russia off, or civil disorders in Great Britain, France or Russia would paralyze the effective military power of these nations. For any one of fifty reasons the children of the soldiers now in the trenches might have to repeat the sacrifices and sufferings of today, and they would be doing so because their fathers in terminating the present war had sought to cure a nervous malady of the whole international body merely by disciplining an unruly organ. The spokesmen for the Allies are justified in considering an even break taken alone as a probable invitation to future war, but a treaty of peace based upon an attempt to redress the balance of power by the weakening of Germany would constitute no less of an invitation to future war. A larger measure of security cannot derive from a mere re-distribution of the elements of a divided Europe. It can derive only from a more intelligent attempt to organize a Concert.

The primary object of the improved international organization should be the discouragement of aggressive warfare as an agency of international readjustment, and this is precisely the object of the League to Enforce Peace. Instead of trusting the security of nations large and small to a balance among strong and aggressive military powers, stabilized by occasional interferences of the ruling sea Power, it seeks to alter the nature and meaning of the system by calling upon the unaggressive and non-contending nations to assume a positive function in its operations. Such nations, of which the United States is the most powerful, have been content in the past to play the part of parasites. Although they have depended on the maintenance of the balance of power and upon the sanctity of international law for their security, they have assumed no responsibility themselves for international order or for the security of other peoples. Now, however, as a result of the war and the substitution of a comparatively unstable for a comparatively stable equilibrium, their security, even as parasites, is vanishing. They cannot preserve that share of independence which they have enjoyed in the past without assuming an express responsibility both for their own security and that of others. They must be willing to lend their assistance to British sea-power provided that by so doing a new and more effective stabilizer be created.

The new stabilizer formed by the accession of existing neutrals to a league of nations would be more effective than the old, not only because it would have more power to throw into the balance, but because it would interfere only at the bidding of a declared and recognized rule. If the plan of a League to Enforce Peace is adopted and if those nations which had remained outside the old balance accept its responsibilities, anti-social aggression would for purposes of international law receive a tentative definition. The condemnation of the international community would be visited on any associate in the League which attempted to realize its national purposes by war without submitting its real or supposed justification for so doing either to arbitration or conciliation. Such a definition of extra-legal aggression is no doubt rudimentary and imperfect. Eventually it would have to be supplemented and strengthened. But its publication and the agreement of the members of the League to observe it would constitute an enormous improvement on the old method, which has permitted all belligerent governments successfully to persuade their own people of the ultimately defensive nature of apparently aggressive political objects. A certain measure of security could be instituted. Inoffensive nations would be assured of more effective means of protection against attack. Expanding nations would be prevented from stealing a march upon their neighbors and from window-dressing their ambitions. They would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to carry on their projects under conditions which insured full warning to the rest of the world and a shrewd cross-examination of their pretexts.

The resulting international organization would help to develop the better aspect of the balance of power as it existed in the nineteenth century and discourage its worse aspects. The old system, as we have already observed, permitted the accomplishment with or without war of many useful readjustments both in domestic and international affairs; it even carried with it a certain presumption against war as an agent of national policy, but war remained a reputable and popular alternative. The peoples feared its horrors, but were fascinated by the resulting opportunities which it offered for adventure. The diplomats shared both the fear and the fascination and played on both. The new system seeks permanently to deprive war of its good repute as an engine of national policy, and fortunately it is being suggested at a time when war is also being deprived of its fascination. The alternative of international violence is not and cannot be foreclosed any more than the alternative of domestic violence, but the presumption against its use is considerably increased. The Peace League provides a legal and institutional expression for that increased horror of war which has been slowly gathering and which of late has been so much intensified. The new law and the new institutions, unlike the old, would rest not on a balance among aggressive forces, but upon an improved organization of the comparatively disinterested and less aggressive political forces. Those nations who had formerly conceived their highest duty to be that of neutrality in a world of conflicting national ambitions would all acknowledge the higher duty of being aggressive and even belligerent on behalf of the common security. For the first time in the history of Europe it might be less important for any one nation to be powerful than to be right.

Thus, while the League of Peace would be an experiment, it would be less of an experiment than any other proposed form of international organization. In so far as it worked and really increased both the moral presumption and the material insurance against the alternative of war, it would necessarily strengthen the inducement which nations have formerly possessed to adjust peaceably their conflicting ambitions. It would create an international atmosphere highly favorable to the successful use of diplomacy or the regular machinery of arbitration and conciliation. The scope and definiteness of the rules incorporated into the law of nations would be steadily enlarged and their application would be certain. The Boards of Conciliation would base their decisions upon new rules which, if they were accepted, might also become part of the legal structure of the international community. Organs of international administration would soon have to be developed to carry out the policy of the community in certain parts of the international domain. Nearly all these legal, legislative and administrative innovations would be concerned with the economically undeveloped countries which in the near past have been the bones of contention among European nations. Their tendency would certainly be to convert these countries into wards of the whole international community in which no one nation would be allowed special political or economic privileges. Thus the nations, instead of being torn to pieces by a struggle for advantage over their competitors, might be gradually tied together by the work of reclaiming and developing their sphere of joint influence. Just as participation on equal terms in the national domain was the strongest bond of union among the American states, so participation on equal terms in the economic development of Africa and Asia may prove to be the common work, whose achievement will tie together the more advanced economic nations.

However that may be, I have, I hope, made one aspect of the league of peace sufficiently clear. The spirit of nationalism does not necessarily stand in the path of the organization of such a league. On the contrary, the spirit of nationalism has always needed for its fruition the organization of an international community. The life of a nation would be just as much stunted and frustrated by arid or wholly predatory international surroundings as the life of an individual would be frustrated by arid or anarchical social surroundings. One of the most exasperating obstacles to the more rapid improvement of domestic political and economic conditions has always been the relatively inferior nature of the international medium in which liberal democratic nations have been obliged to live. If that medium cannot be rendered more favorable to a process of radical internal regeneration, the experiment of a world-wide political organization on the basis of responsible autonomous nations may end like the Roman Empire in disaster and ruin. The present war testifies both to the unique value which modern progressive peoples place upon their national security and the impossibility of obtaining it without organized international coöperation. The form of international coöperation called for by the League to Enforce Peace does not depend for its success upon a relaxation of national bonds or a disparagement and diminution of national loyalties. It implies only the conscious recognition of the community of nations as an ideal and a systematic attempt on the part of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

individual nations to adjust their national policies to the development of such a community. It rests, like the work of domestic amelioration, exclusively upon the amount of knowledge and conscience which can be wrought into the policies of the more powerful nations.

HERBERT CROLY.

Ghosts

BELGIAN peasants say that on the Eve of All Souls unquiet spirits are loosed from their graves for an hour after sunset. Those who died by violence, or those who died unshriven, rise from the dark and speak to passersby; they rise with the load of their sins upon them, with the hatred, or fear, or agony, or longing which they felt while dying, still in their tortured hearts, and they beg the passersby to take vengeance on their enemies, or to give them news of those they loved or hated. And after a brief hour they sink back again into the dust.

I believe the story, for I have met those sad spirits. It was on a foggy evening in October —All Souls' Eve—on the road from Brussels to Antwerp, where Belgians and Britons a year before faced the German hordes in weeks of bitter fighting. We were in a terrible hurry. Pierre, the chauffeur, was driving the motor-car; I was seated beside him. The headlights blurred like drowned eyes, and the open windshield dripped with wet. If we met a belated cart, or if we misjudged distances on that winding road, we would never reach our destination alive! But we were in a hurry, for it was All Souls' Eve—the night of the dead.

Drowned trees writhed in the blurred light, culverts leaped out of the yellow flood like fountains, and dead walls in the burned and ravished villages seemed like rows of Roman tombs. We flew through the murdered town of Eppeghem, down vacant alleys lined with gaunt, disembowelled dwellings, beneath the shell of a church, beside stark walls lit for a breathless instant by the headlight of the motor, then blotted into chaos. It was eerie and terrifying. A peculiar odor of decay, the odor of sour soil in early spring when the grip of the ice is relaxed and the buried abominations of winter steal up into the sun, rose from the town and pursued us—a smell like rotten fungi in old crypts. Sounds like the flapping of garments on a clothesline stole through the steady bass roar of the motor, and to my heavy eyes, tortured with staring into the yellow blur ahead, a vague shape seemed to float beside the car, a shape which was strangely human; erect, but rigid, flying along like a dry leaf upright in a gale.

I could see it only with the tail of my eye. It disappeared when I turned my head. It was clearest when I rolled my eyes high and looked through the lower part of the retina—a sort of second-sight, I suppose. The thing puzzled, angered, then frightened me. "Faster! Vite! Vite!" I yelled, suddenly grasping Pierre by the arm. The shadowy thing danced into the edges of the blur of light directly ahead. "Look out, Pierre!" The emergency brake came on with a grind and jolt, and the lights flared with the pulse of the engine. "It's nothing," I protested, half ashamed of myself, for evidently Pierre saw nothing. "Encore plus vite."

We seemed to have lost the shadow-thing, until suddenly I discovered that there were others with it, swinging rigid through the fog like trees uprooted in a cyclone. My eyes were smarting with cold tears: it was like swimming with one's eyes open in a stiff current. And all the time I watched the shadow-shapes gathering closer. Faintly luminous pale yellow blots seemed to grow in the dingy black of the racing forms. They were phosphorescent, as I think of them now, like marsh-lights. Some thing brushed my hair. A clicking sound like castanets came from the empty tonneau behind me, and then a whistling, like the speech of a man with no palate.

"Sssss—Feld—Feld—Feldwebel war ich, aus Bayern—sechs—sechsundzwanzigsten — infanterie Regiment."

I turned my head with an involuntary sob. There was absolutely nothing in the car. Pierre put on brakes violently.

"Do you see anything?" I demanded.

"Nothing, Monsieur."

"Do you hear or smell anything?"

We listened and sniffed. "Nothing, Monsieur," Pierre said, quivering and crossing himself. The noise of the motor died, and we sat motionless in gruesome darkness listening to the hollow dripping of fog-water on the fallen leaves in the roadway. We were swallowed, lost in mist, with only a square yard of paved road visible before us. "Go on, Pierre," I said softly.

Then gradually I saw the ghosts more plainly. A woman, bent like an old hinge, flung along beside the flying motor-car, and a naked, frightened child ran fearfully before her. "Ask him, Grutje, ask him about home!" a thin child-voice sobbed. A younger woman whose head had been hacked from her shoulders floated along with them, fondling the severed member like an infant and wailing, "De Duitschers—the Germans!" A group of mangled bodies of Belgian artillerymen hung like a swarm of bees together, mouthing curses as they flew, and a gigantic peasant with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clotted beard and arms stretched rigid like a cross, stared with a face stabbed through and through like honey-comb....

"Feldwebel Stoner. König, Kaiser, Vaterland, sie leben hoch!" whispered a voice....

The swarming spirits grew till they darkened the mist. We flew through the empty corridors of Malines like a cloud, and on to Waelhem—first of the Antwerp forts to fall—up the ridge to Waerloos and Contich, toward Oude God and the inner forts. Still the swarms grew, crowding closer and closer. The eyes of the dead peered like cats' eyes in the yellow dark, and my soul chilled to ice. The odor of dead clay was so strong I nearly fainted, and bony fingers seemed to press against my back and shoulders as if heavy wires were freezing into the flesh. "Light the dash-light, for God's sake, Pierre!" I cried, hoping the new electric blur would banish the phantoms, but their sulphurous eyes glowed only the more in its feeble ray.

And the hissing, clicking, and rattling grew. "Feldwebel Stoner, aus Bayern, tot, Eppeghem, September dreizehn....König, Kaiser, und Vaterland—hoch!" a voice shrilled; "De Duitschers! de Duitschers!" sobbed an echo after it. And then, with a sudden access of horror, I remembered the saying of the peasants; I knew what had wakened those unquiet spirits; knew that they wished to question me; knew that I must answer their questions in the brief hour of their release; all of them I must answer!

"....leben hoch!" screamed the German voice. "Are we in Paris?"

"No!" I shouted.

"....suis Français. Vive la France!.... Have we reached the Rhine?"

"No!"

"....Belge. Is Belgium free?"

"No!"

"....honor, the honor of my country, honor—honor?"

"No!"

".... Sozialdemokrat, — for world-peace I fought, that the world might have peace. Is there peace?"

"No!"

"....curé of Weerloo, dead for my church and my flock. Victorious?"

"No!"

"Ask, Grutje, ask!" trilled a child's voice, and a sad shriek answered it: "Home—the little farm on the road to Elewyt beside Kasteel Weerde—Is it safe?"

I knew that farm, a blackened ruin like the castle beside it, with two lath crosses leaning crazily over sunken graves in the dooryard. "No!"

"No, no, no!" The horrid refrain beat them back. By ones and tens and hundreds they asked and were denied. They had died as most men live from day to day, hoping tomorrow would bring bliss which yesterday withheld. They had died, as most men live, for dreams. In all the world there was no consolation for them, no word of honest hope or recompense. In all the world there was nothing for them but a shallow grave and a little wooden cross....

"I came from Devon to Antwerp, sir, with the Marines. Have we whipped the Huns?"

"No!"

A woman's passionate voice screamed out: "They murdered my child, they murdered my man, they murdered me. Vengeance! Vengeance! Vengeance!"

"No!....No!....No!...." And I fell forward in the car senseless.

When I awoke the fog had almost disappeared, Pierre was chafing my cold hands, and the shadow-shapes had gone. They had sunken again into their hollow graves, unsatisfied, unconsoled. We rode swiftly on toward Antwerp. A clean breeze stole up from the west, purifying the stricken fields and their sad memories. It tore the last remnants of gray veil from the sky. And as we turned into the black, silent city streets, I leaned my head far back and stared up into the night with a sudden sense of relief and even of comfort. The sick little planet Earth fell away from me, far, far, infinitely far, and about me was unvexed emptiness and the tremendous stars.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT.

The Trenton Penitentiary

TRENTON PRISON is an example of our characteristic national planlessness, our administrative laissez-faire. After nearly two years in its cells as an unwilling resident I think I can speak on that point. If we agree that malnutrition, foul air, bad sanitation, are evils in a slum, we cannot deny they are evils in a state institution. The first failure of the Trenton Penitentiary, and the government of New Jersey, is in accepting conditions like these. Besides this violation of primary physical requirements there are administrative failures in the prison that are stupidly wrong. My object in this article is to portray the unnecessary evils attending on imprisonment in the State Penitentiary of New Jersey.

The prison is both ancient and modern in structure, having the appearance of an old wheel with a few spokes splashed with fresh paint. Despite

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that a $35,000 bathhouse was erected several years ago, the prisoners are permitted to use it for only two months in the year. Except during July and August, bathing is not compulsory. For ten months the prisoners receive one pail of hot water a week, which must serve to clean the body of the prisoner, his socks, handkerchiefs, and the floor of his cell. Mr. Richard Hughes, who is filling the unexpired term of the late warden, kept the bathhouse going until November, when the deputies revolted in a manner worthy of the French Syndicalists. They had an inadequate supply of hot water on hand and the steam shut off; they kept open all the windows and doors; they resorted to sabotage on the men to discourage them from bathing. Naturally, only extremely hardy men wanted to use the shower baths under such conditions. Protests and complaints were made, but they were ignored. The plant was closed.

In the cells of only four sections of the prison are there modern lavatories. In the west, or third wing, buckets are used to retain the offal and excreta. They are emptied every morning by the prisoners into an open channel which leads to the sewer. No additional facilities are provided for men who may be in the cells through illness or other causes. Nor is the rule waived when the cells are occupied all day as on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Life in this wing is a contest with foul odors by day and with vermin by night. Several years ago the Board of Health condemned this wing as unfit to house prisoners. The oldest and most populated section, the South Hall or fourth wing, was drained by a partly covered sewer and an open channel from which gas oozed into every cell. The Board of Health recommended that this section be altered, but like its condemnation of the west wing, this recommendation was never carried out by the administration.

The educational plant has as many limitations as the sanitary one. There is no teacher now, and when there was one provided at $1200 a year, he had no schoolroom. He used the chapel when he could and then with only a class or two. Up to the day of the death of the teacher, Mr. Lanning, the prison Board of Education, the late warden and most of the keepers did everything they possibly could to wreck the school. Instead of encouraging Mr. Lanning in his work as teacher, the keepers arrayed the prisoners against him, and got the convict electricians to spoil the moving picture entertainment and illustrated lectures he arranged at his own expense, which they did by short-circuiting the wires and by other forms of sabotage. In addition, there are few or no opportunities for the prisoners to study in the evenings in their cells for the light, always dim, is turned off at 8:30 p. m., and on Sunday night no light is allowed at all.

In the State Prison at Trenton a prisoner does not get wholesome food unless he has money to pay for it, or works in the kitchen, where he can steal it. Lest this might be considered too general I will be specific. The coffee is by no means libelously called "bootleg" by the convicts. The frankfurters were so often tainted, green and rotten as to be rejected by the hungry prisoners. The corned beef was usually the worst that the stockyards could supply, and the vegetable which was served with it was spoiled almost invariably in the cooking; as, indeed, were almost all the other foods supplied to the men. Stew was served twice a week, and, judging from its nauseating odor, its chief ingredients must have been collected from the scraps of an ill kept slaughterhouse. The Sunday dinner of pea soup contained a few peas, little fats and much water. The only article of diet that could be classed as food was the bread, but as "man cannot live by bread alone" this staple only served to aggravate instead of satisfy. The natural result of bad food was constipation and sickness and much unnecessary work for the doctor. Several times during the last two years I witnessed violent outbreaks on the part of the prisoners caused by the extremely bad food served them. On four or five occasions the cries of the men protesting against the rotten food were heard by the people in the streets of Trenton. I cannot say that bad food was served in the interests of economy, for the legislature annually makes appropriations for adequate supplies. The waste and the graft were chiefly due to the official in charge of the kitchen, who was never trained for the work, and who thought more of pleasing the dishonest contractors than of satisfying the men by serving them with wholesome, well cooked food.

There are, however, many worse aspects than those of food and sanitation. More vitiating than anything else is the way in which prisoners are indiscriminately thrown together. Criminals, whether they are murderers, forgers, pickpockets, politicians, rapists, perverts, syphilitics, white slavers, dope fiends, are put with boys and mere novices in crime. The only segregation permitted applies to advanced cases of tuberculosis. As a result of this stupid confusion, the majority of the prisoners are either unmoral or immoral, and the sodomist, the degenerate, the homosexual "wolf" or boy-lover have many opportunities to ply their trade, sometimes at a pecuniary profit. The fact that such are punished when caught does not frighten the perverts and degenerates and those who want to use them. These men were the prin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cipal cause of all the fights and rows in the prison, and more than one murder could be traced to them. In most cases they were "rats," and the best tools the keepers had.

On the question of discipline and punishment I know there are many differences of opinion among penologists, humanitarians and officials. I will concede that it is a question not easily settled. But I saw so many instances of official brutality while I was in Trenton that I will cite three or four representative cases, space forbidding any more. Very irritating is the conduct of the mailing department of the prison. The official in charge holds the position of letter clerk, contrary to the civil service rules. He knows no language but English, and little of that. All letters written to and by the non-English prisoners have to be read and interpreted by convicts. This results in the private affairs of the prisoners being public property. Although the rules permit a prisoner to write one letter a month and to receive one a week, he is seldom permitted this privilege. The letter clerk, in my opinion an ignorant and institutionalized official, can censor all mail. He can destroy or refuse to mail or deliver any letters which he does not like. As a result of his stupid and absurd methods, the letter clerk causes more irritation and worry in the prison than all other officials combined. Frequently the letter clerk entertains his fellow officials by showing them prisoners' letters. I once objected to this practice. I was told "You're a con'; you've no rights; I'll let whoever I like read the letters."

But there are other kinds of brutality. The most stupid was that of Joseph Ferrati of Monmouth county, whose "bit" was three to seven years. Ferrati was not only chained to the cell wall, but he had an additional torture inflicted on him by being handcuffed at the same time. From solitary confinement, Ferrati was removed to lodge with two insane or semi-insane men. If well balanced men when forcibly lodged together will dispute and fight, it is only natural that defectives should quarrel in the same situation. One night, on the culmination of an argument between Ferrati and one of his companions in the cell, they fought and hacked each other with daggers made from the side irons of the wooden wash-pails. For a while they fought ferociously in silence. As the fight went on and they began to wound each other, they made noises which attracted the attention of one of the night keepers. When the night keeper reached Ferrati's cell, he found Ferrati, standing over his dying antagonist, the pale light of the moon that trickled through the narrow window revealing their drawn faces and naked, blood-smeared bodies, and the third occupant crouching terror-stricken in the corner. The additional light of the keeper's lantern revealed nothing more than the moonlight did, and one more preventable tragedy was added to the somber and ghastly annals of New Jersey's prison. Ferrati was tried for the murder of his companion, in the Mercer county court, and was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity. Ferrati, who was publicly and legally declared insane, was taken back to the prison and kept there for several months before he was sent to the state insane asylum.

Perhaps the most hideously brutal instance that occurred in the history of the prison was that of Dominick Mangani, from Union county (Elizabeth). Owing to the petty grafting on Mangani by a keeper, he was provoked frequently to violent outbursts. One day he stabbed a keeper, severely wounding him. Despite their quarrels, and their different and varied political complexions, jailers, like policemen and others of the lower orders of officialdom, resent any disputing of their prerogatives, and present a united front against any prisoner who may have the hardihood to deny their assumption of the right to graft on the defenseless. Woe unto the convict who strikes back at a keeper. Where he formerly had only one tyrant, he now has a hundred persecuting him. And they never let up until the prisoner is removed to an insane asylum, is discharged from the prison, or is dead. Excuses don't count with the keepers. It was a foregone conclusion that Mangani was a marked man from the moment that he struck back. Mangani wore a ball and chain riveted to his leg. After four years and a half the leg festered. Then some one suggested that the fetters should be taken off Mangani until his wound healed. This was done, for the leg was very sore indeed. The center keeper looked at the prisoner without his leg chain. He was not used to seeing him that way after four and a half years. "Put the fetters on the good leg," said he. It was done accordingly. For six years Mangani was kept in solitary confinement, denied speech and association with his fellow-convicts, and deprived of tobacco, reading matter and the meanest of the usual prison privileges.

Never for a moment during the six years of his punishment was Mangani permitted to see a friend. His wife and children were not allowed to see him. He was even prevented from going to the prison chapel to hear mass. In short, Dominick Mangani was buried alive for six years, and except for the rattle of the chains and an occasional scream or roar, his cell was a coffin. A few months ago he was sent to the state asylum—I saw him removed—and a more tragic spectacle I have never seen in all my wanderings around the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I could continue citing instances of grafting on the prisoners, grafting on the state, tyranny and brutality, but I believe I have given the readers of this journal material enough to make them realize the duty that is before the new Governor of New Jersey.

PATRICK L. QUINLAN.

The Peace Note in London

A SUPERFICIAL view of the European situation would lead to the conclusion that President Wilson's note to the warring governments has failed. The British press gave it a mixed reception, but on the whole the arrogance and misunderstanding (more wilful than stupid) of the Tory papers predominated over the very cautious gratitude of the Liberals. The Czar, without waiting for his Allies, has rejected all thought of negotiation, in a defiant manifesto which proclaims a program of conquest. The German answer, however appreciative it may be in form, is in fact a rejection of the President's good offices.

This depressing survey would lead, however, to a wholly false conclusion. Psychologically the real fact and the important fact is that all these invitations to negotiation and tenders of neutral service have transformed our moral atmosphere. For three weeks all Europe has talked peace. We have been bombarded by suggestions of peace, and the bombardment, one hopes, will continue. We resist, we stiffen our fire, we bluff, we raise our terms. But the continual repetition of suggestions makes in the end the same kind of impression on our minds that skilful advertising produces in the reluctant buyer. We have a sense of other wills that surround us, and sooner or later, if their action is persistent and resourceful, it will have its mesmeric effect. What has surprised me, during these three weeks, has been not our resistance to the idea of peace, but our receptivity. From the British angle, the experiment could not possibly have been made at a worse moment, or in a worse way. The Rumanian catastrophe had affected us so deeply that even those of us who hoped most ardently for an early peace felt that the struggle must go on for a while, until the military balance looked a little more even. The German overtures were made with a tactlessness so gross that in face of these boasts of victory it required some courage to give a relatively favorable answer. None the less our Liberal press did give a surprisingly favorable answer, and even Mr. Lloyd George's speech did not bang the door against further efforts. Pleas for moderation came from unexpected quarters—notably from Sir Harry Johnston.

Early in the war (I speak from experience) a moderate article or letter in the press invariably brought the writer a score or two of abusive and threatening letters. That phenomenon has wholly ceased. Our nation is on the whole a homogeneous community, though it is made up of men and classes whose minds move at varying speeds. When you find that there is a large minority which desires an early and moderate peace, you may be sure that the real mind of the majority is not nearly so unyielding as it seems. It will for a time, largely from habit, partly from calculation, keep up the old language of violence, but the well worn words no longer express the vivid emotions for which they originally stood. The sufferings of our men in the trenches, the appalling sacrifice of life, the anxiety about our future food supply, a certain scepticism about the unusable resources of Russia — all these factors and some others more ideal, have made us nearly ready to consider peace, if only it could be demonstrated to us that the better purposes of the war had been achieved.

The real difficulty lies in the fact that the nation as a whole had never been led to define these higher purposes in any constructive scheme. We wallowed in phrases. Our "intellectuals," though they talked of nationality, really meant only such a partial application of the doctrine as would reduce the enemy's military power. By "crushing Prussian militarism," the average man understood only the infliction of a tremendous defeat in Prussia, or perhaps some forcible transformation of the German Empire. There has been no attempt to popularize the idea of a league of nations, and the average man has only the vaguest notion of what it means, while nine men in ten have never allowed themselves to realize that the German Chancellor has given his assent to it. For the purposes of the war it was necessary to invent and maintain the legend that all the evil in Europe has, and for a generation has had, a single local and personal cause—the political morals of the Prussian ruling caste. This Satanic view of history excluded any perception that the mischief in Europe had been due to its anarchic system, or want of system. The consequence is that the real meaning of the war is for most of us the infliction of defeat on Germany, rather than the creation of a new international system. Even those who did see the need for system believed that the necessary preliminary to its erection was the crushing of the Power which had always resisted the international idea. In this last view there clearly is a large measure of truth, but it is only dimly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realized as yet how profoundly the mind of Germany has been modified by the war.

Our more reactionary elements at first ignored the suggestion of a league of nations. They do not even now oppose it openly, but the batteries of scepticism are already unmasked. If the British public really were convinced that America is absolutely in earnest about the league, if (that is to say) we were assured that the United States, prepared and ready in the military sense, would act with arms against the aggressor or treaty-breaker in the future, I believe that peace might be won tomorrow and militarism broken forever. I say this in spite of some doubt in my own mind about the military aspects of the league, for I am sure that if we build it on force alone, it will collapse: its true basis ought rather to be the positive advantages it confers, especially by safeguarding commercial freedom. But for the moment all Europe is thinking in terms of force, and nothing will persuade us that we shall be secure, save by pledged and ready force. The objections of the *Times* are weighty, when it points out that a President cannot declare war, and that the assent of the Senate would be required for the treaty which creates the league. Unless these objections are promptly met, the idea of a league of nations will not help us to peace. There is little active enthusiasm for it in England, for the simple reason that there has been no influential propaganda in its favor. A breath of scepticism could blast it to-day. I do not know whether opinion is yet so firm in America that the Senate would remove these doubts by passing a resolution adopting the idea in principle. Short of that, in spite of all the generous and epoch-making work of Mr. Wilson and others, our reactionaries may manage to kill the idea.

Much depends of course upon Mr. Lloyd-George, and the attitude of that impulsive personality is wholly unpredictable. The league of nations is the kind of idea for which in his radical days he would have felt keen enthusiasm. It would suit the more poetical of his two oratorical manners. To-day, rendered cynical by public life and his own hasty ambitions, he will ask himself only what public support he would get for it. There is another difficulty. While the war lasts, he could only support the league: its author and founder would be Mr. Wilson. After the war, five or ten years hence, he might perhaps bring it forward with himself in the leading part. Meanwhile, there are other and rival ideas which might attract a great public artist in search of a popular rôle—Imperial Federation for example. Unless by one means or another, in the next weeks and months, the idea of the league of peace can really be acclimatized in England, the danger is that we shall turn consciously (as the *Times* has already turned) to "guaranties" of a very different kind—the crushing and weakening of the enemy, indemnities, and strategic demands. For the moment our mood is fluid, and it is probable that the Premier is waiting to see how it sets. I am firmly convinced that he chose his moment for evicting Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey, because he guessed or knew that peace overtures were coming. He wanted to control that situation. He had his way. But his action is open to two constructions. He may have wished to commit us to a war to the bitter end. He may on the other hand have aspired to reap the credit of making a good and popular peace. It is quite likely that he himself was uncertain of the line which he would adopt; it is possible and even probable that he is uncertain still. Everything that he has done is still open to the two constructions. The urgent summons to an Imperial Conference may mean that he really wants, in a prompt and business-like way, to prepare a draft of our terms of peace. But it might also mean that he looks to the colonies (generally, but perhaps mistakenly supposed to be more enthusiastic for a prolonged war than the mother country) to back him in the formulation of terms which are certain to be rejected. It may also mean that he sees in the creation of an all-British league of nations an antidote to the international idea, or rather an emotional substitute for it. He will watch the flow of feeling and the tide of events. He probably hopes to realize next spring that expectation of a catastrophic result from one "push" more on the French front, which always revives after each disappointment. In the end he may decide to be the beneficent genius who will give us a peace by general contentment.

Meanwhile, the particular form in which the Germans have seen fit to make their overtures stands in the way of any advance. It was clever, but a little too clever. It is perfectly true, as they reckon, that if once a conference met, even without an armistice or the lifting of the blockade, it would be morally impossible to resume the war on a large scale. The hope of peace would so have mastered us all that no statesman would dare to break up the conference, and no troops could be got to take part in a big offensive. The result would be that Germany would have extracted the full benefit from the territorial pledges which she holds. What is the hopeful alternative method? To demand, as a preliminary, the evacuation of occupied country is plainly impossible. That must follow, it cannot precede, an agreement on the outlines of the settlement. It might very well precede the formal conference, but it cannot take

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place until the leading issues are settled. Germany can no more afford to walk out of France, than we can afford to lift the blockade until the future in its main outlines is secured. The problem, then, is to find a procedure by which agreement on these main outlines can be reached. The reaction from secret diplomacy which finds expression in a demand for a public interchange of terms is wholly intelligible. But would any public interchange result in the approximation of the two sets of terms which is required?

Dare any French government refuse to insert in its terms a full claim to the whole of Alsace-Lorraine? Must not the Italian government include Trieste and Dalmatia? Russia, of course, will say, "Constantinople and the whole of Poland." Dare any German government publicly offer to surrender even so much as Metz, to say nothing of Posen? Whatever each ally demands, the whole coalition must accept, at least in words. A public tender of moderate terms is nearly impossible, not merely because it would rouse the extremists in every country to fury, but still more because it would split both allied systems. When, moreover, the flag of an immoderate claim has once been unfurled in public, withdrawal would be difficult, for it would look like defeat. Moderation can be attained only by confidential bargaining, and then only by concessions which no Power would dream of offering in its first statement of terms. Mr. Wilson's idea of "soundings" is the only practicable course, but one doubts whether even his casting of the lead would really plumb the depths, unless the process were rigidly confidential. One illustration will suffice. If at this stage we were driven to state our terms publicly, we should certainly be forced to include in them the Russian annexation of Constantinople. Once that fatal step were taken, could we ever recede from it? The real work of negotiation must be confidential. The uses of publicity are to create an atmosphere of peace and to work on the minds of the belligerents by suggestion. That process is well under way already. It is capable of some acceleration.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, December 30.

CORRESPONDENCE

Possible Peace Terms

SIR: Of the immense superiority of the Teutonic peoples to all other peoples and of the benefits of offensive war, not even Houston Stuart Chamberlain or General Bernhardi can be as entirely convinced, at this date, as when their respective views were published.

From her own admissions, it appears that Germany, the best prepared nation that ever launched a war in the time of her own choosing, has, after prosecuting it for two years and five months, occupied and exploited a very considerable portion of European territory outside of her own dominions; but at a cost of something like 4,070,000 killed, wounded and captive, of her most stalwart sons; her splendid commerce having been swept from the seas; with all her colonies gone save one in the corner of which some German troops are still fighting; and finally the admission of her great Chancellor that the German populace is suffering from the blockade she cannot break. As a fighting power her prestige has indeed risen very high, nevertheless she has been unable to compel France to loosen the grip fastened upon a bit of Alsace at the very outset of the war; and if in the main, through the prowess of Germany, upon Belgium, Serbia, Russia, France and Rumania losses have been inflicted greater than those which Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria have sustained—which may be questioned—yet no logic can obscure the fact that upon that adversary whom Germany has styled her greatest foe, from whom in the struggle she has received the greatest injury, and whose power she sees steadily waxing stronger as her own powers wane in the frightful efforts she is making, she has been unable to inflict any at all commensurate with what she has herself been forced to undergo. From a strength one third as great on sea and from seven to eight times as great on land, Germany now finds Britain's strength on land approaching her own diminished power, while on the sea she can make no perceptible gain.

Upon Europe the awful struggle has entailed a loss of something like 6,000,000 men dead or hopelessly maimed for life, for whom nothing can be done; but if the war could be ended and the 4,500,000 captives restored to homes and families, some surcease to the anguish from which Europe is suffering could be effected.

It may have been a frantic thought; but I have never been able to avoid the belief that if President Wilson was reëlected an opportunity would be afforded him to sound the belligerents as to peace terms. But it may be asked upon what terms could the contestants be brought to peace. I will state them, although I realize that at this date they will be considered ridiculous; yet I feel confident that however long or short a time the war may continue, they will constitute the basis upon which the contestants will be forced eventually to conclude peace.

To Belgium must come restoration of all her territory and an indemnity. To France, the restoration of all her territory, the acquisition or control of Luxemburg and the opportunity for Alsace and Lorraine to become an integral part of France upon their own choice and a money payment to Germany. To Russia, the acquisition of that portion of Galicia which is Ruthenian, the restoration of Russian territory, excepting Russian Poland, the freedom of the Dardanelles, and Armenia. To Rumania, Bukowina. To Serbia, all her former territory with a sea front at Durazzo, and to Montenegro all her former territory excepting Mt. Loftcha, and with Scutari for her capital. To Bulgaria, that portion of the Dobrudja taken by Rumania. To the provisional government at Saloniki, all of Greece save that still controlled by the King. To Italy, three-fourths of Albania, and the strip of territory she has taken from Austria. To Austria, Mt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Loftcha in Montenegro. To Germany, an autonomous Poland without a sea port, as a buffer state between her and Russia, the restoration of her colonies, Togoland, Kamerun and East Africa, with compensation for the others. To Japan, Kiaochaou. To Arabia, freedom from Turkish rule. To Great Britain, Mesopotamia, German South Africa and New Guinea, at a price. To Turkey, partial dismemberment. In such a settlement Turkey and Austria will do most of the paying, as they have done in all wars into which they have been led for the last century.

As for the contending parties using peace to prepare for another war, from a general broadening and liberalizing of government, the populace upon whom both Germany and Russia have been forced to rely against the reactionaries, will have something to say.

Of course it is possible, if the contest is prolonged, that the considerable sum which Britain and France may be called upon to pledge at once, may be doled out at a still heavier price in flesh and blood; while, by the sacrifice of further hecatombs of human beings, Russia may secure a fresh hold on Poland, in addition to what she may strip Turkey of; but, for humanity at large, the above would be the best settlement which could be arrived at; and if offered in reply to some suggestion by Germany will be so acceptable to the mass of Germans as to force its acceptance.

THEO. D. JERVEY.

Charleston, South Carolina.

A Large Nutshell

SIR: No one seems to be pointing out the possible bearing on the question of peace of the progressive awakening in Russia of which we hear so much—for example in the interesting article, "The Situation in Russia," in your issue of November 11th.

England and France have maintained from the beginning of the war that they are fighting, not the German people, but the Prussian military caste, whose victims, even if willing victims, the German people are. If this is indeed the heart of the English and French purpose in fighting, why should it not be made the core of their terms of peace? Why should not England and France say to the German people: "We know your masters, and we cannot trust them, or any of their proffered 'guaranties for the future.' Keep them in power, and all we can do is to go on trying to crush them—which means crushing you incidentally. Turn them out, and we are ready to talk peace on the most liberal terms (which we hereby specify). For *you,* we are willing to trust."

This, I admit, sounds sufficiently absurd. But let us examine the grounds of its absurdity. I can imagine an objector listing them under three heads: (1) That such a proposition would be impossible emanating from the allies of Russia; indeed that it would be equivalent to a rupture of the Entente. (2) That the German people, granted they could ever hear of it, would have no way of accepting such a proposal even if they wanted to—as indeed the suggestion itself implicitly admits. (3) That international matters are not handled in this fashion. Nations do not do such things!

The first of these objections is weighty and would be final, were it not for the news that filters in to us of radical internal changes in Russia, an awakening of progressive forces, together with fresh suspicions on the part of the people of the pro-German machinations of their bureaucracy. After all, who is fighting for Russia and who is the ally of England and France—the Russian people or the Russian reactionaries? Is it just possible that democratic articles of peace might help to call the bluff of the bureaucracy and tip the scales definitely to the side of progress in Russia? At any rate, the awakening of the Russian people ought to go far toward relieving France and England of the embarrassment of their alliance with the Czar.

Whether the second objection is valid or not depends, of course, on the internal condition of Germany. If it is true, as her leaders boast, that Germany can continue to fight for thirty years, or for that matter even for three, the German people, regardless of their wishes, are doubtless powerless. But if the food and other domestic problems are as acute as some reports indicate, might not such a proposal as the one suggested serve to unleash social and political changes of deep moment? While the German democracy can both eat and hope, it will doubtless remain loyal—and silent. But if it were confronted at the same time by starvation and a liberal offer of peace, might it not find its voice? The assumption of real power by the German people, it is needless to say, would be a greater victory for the Entente than the capture of Berlin. It would be that best of all issues for the war, a victory for both sides.

The third objection is in reality no objection. Indeed, the fact that a proposition sounds silly to trained diplomats and those versed in the technicalities of international relations is occasionally a distinct point in its favor. The idea of course is not that a proposal to alter the internal political status of one of the belligerent nations would ever be discussed at a peace conference. But such a proposal might, conceivably, have results prior to the assembling of such a conference that would noticeably alter both its German and its Russian make-up.

A fourth objection, not listed above, might be that England and France, especially England, are themselves by no means free from the influence of the military caste and have no right to pose as the self-appointed custodians of democracy. That is a much more interesting objection. But if England and France want to prove that it is not well taken let them remember and act up to the fact that one helping hand extended to German democracy is worth, even on military grounds, more than ten right arms raised against Prussian militarism.

To put the matter in a nutshell: Assuming that conditions in Germany are or ever become desperate, if France and England were to say to the German people: "Remain subservient to your masters, and you can have war until you are crushed. Take the power into your own hands, and you can have liberal peace at once," might not the German people be stirred to demand freely the very thing that England and France are trying to impose on them by force, and that terrible harvest of revenge that is bound to attend the crushing of Germany be thereby averted?

HAROLD GODDARD.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

To Help the Negro

SIR: As you lately allowed me to print in your columns two articles on the Negro problem I venture now to appeal for the assistance of your readers in support of an institution which I know from long personal acquaintance is doing an admirable work in giving black girls a start and a chance in the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School for Negro Girls was founded twelve years ago in east Florida by a colored woman, Mary McLeod Bethune. The school has a white board of trustees, but the cheerfulness and consecration of its black teachers make it still essentially an experiment in Negro self-help. To its hundred and fifty pupils it gives, besides an ordinary school education, instruction in cooking, housekeeping, washing, vegetable gardening, sewing and dress making, typewriting, etc. They leave with heads and hands trained and with equal respect for both.

The school tries to meet other community needs. For example Negroes are not admitted to the Daytona hospitals, and were formerly deprived of the opportunity of surgical assistance, often with fatal results. The school has a small hospital with operating room open to the whole black community. It sends out a visiting nurse. It runs a boys' club and a mission school to the neglected children of the backwoods turpentine camps.

The school's urgent need is now some certain minimum of regular, assured financial support, so that its existence may not be altogether hand to mouth. I ask your readers' help in raising a fund of $5000 per year for the coming five successive years. Pledges of any sum per year, however large or small, for the five year period should be sent to me at 222 West 59th St., New York City, or Mary McLeod Bethune Industrial School, Daytona, Florida.

I write from conviction of the school's value and needs, and from a deep sense of its right to ask aid.

HARRISON RHODES.

New York City.

Professor Leacock and the Other Professors

AFTER twenty years of neglect by our discerning American editors, comes the always delightful Professor Leacock, clothed with critical authority by THE NEW REPUBLIC and flourishing a formidable flail in behalf of O. Henry. Professor Leacock's lunge at the intellectuals of "the college professoriate . . . who reserve their smiles for the so-called jokes of Aristophanes" does infinite credit to his moral courage. It is, however, sadly wanting in that equilibrium of attack which all our great humorists—Mark Twain excepted—seem to lack when their emotions are so aroused that they become entirely serious. To think of all the playful professors we have known—classicists like the late Professor Peck, who liked to "take their English into the back yard and play tag with it"! Yet Dr. Stephen Leacock lines up the whole fraternity to administer a thrashing that must rock the foundations of McGill University. Now, we ourselves obviously owe little to professors, and can therefore observe them with serene detachment. Yet, owing a great deal to Professor Leacock, we can but wonder how many of his academic brothers "can only truly recognize literature a thousand years after the 'plain people' have found it out." Disquieting pronouncement! Since when have the plain people of any one period been the arbiters of taste? Are Professor Leacock's "literary lapses" sometimes unconscious? Against him we invoke the testimony of that plain though pungent person, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who neatly remarks that fame is the collective best judgment of the generations, and by no means the applause of a contemporary public.

In the larger issues involved we are with the professors and against Professor Leacock. Sydney Porter's reputation will take care of itself. Reactions against overpraise are inevitable—are wholesome. Thackeray survives the opinion of Henry James. Poe lives within or without our Hall of Fame. What is infinitely more important is that our literature works too much in its shirt-sleeves and too often disdains to wear a collar. The plain people have come to be a pest. Everything is ordered for them—from the policy of our most expensive magazines to the easy-going utterances of "entertaining" critics. When a master like Mr. Brownell speaks his mind—as he, too, has lately spoken of O. Henry—he is paid scant respect. Buffoon, with lace ruffles at his wrists and a sword at his side, excites laughter. What New York needs—what the nation needs—is that old-fashioned thing, a salon, or something resembling it. In our efforts to be natural we are rapidly becoming vulgar and commonplace. Slang is considered a mark of ease. Really, few persons employ it effectively because few persons can at the same time employ pure English effectively. It has come to be like bad language in barracks or the college smoking room: it has lost its tang from lack of contrast.

Of course we have met the professor Dr. Leacock really has in mind. He generally emerges from the eastern colleges, where he really has been taught better; and when he does not "profess" he becomes a sub-editor on the New York *Evening Post,* or specializes in East Side sociology. But why impale him in particular? Are not some of our most honored and popular critic-essayists—crowned by the plain people—in the same boat? Do they not equally deserve to be damned and consigned to Charon? Why not send *them* over the Styx, and set them squaring the circles of the Inferno? Are they not dull? Are they not prosy and platitudinous? Are they not those Americans (we quote an Englishman) who, having "got hold of culture make it hum with the unimpeachable solemnity of a top"?

Let Professor Leacock look up his O. Henry once more, and consult that fiction wherein the East Side talks like The New York *Times,* and only the peripatetic pedagogue speaks slang. Why, we know of a professor in a Pennsylvania academy who lectures enthusiastically to his boys about the art of one Goldberg. Has not Professor Leacock himself 'eaved 'arf a brick at Homer? Does he not speak disrespectfully of Aristophanes—to say nothing of the equator. Shade of Professor Lewis Carroll! Shades of our own American humorists: Lounsbury and William James—the James who extracted the "sigh" from psychology, as the Pennsylvania professor would put it.

Let not this reaction against praise of Porter trouble us too much. A too early apotheosis is a bad thing all around. We like to canonize too quickly, without the tempering aid of *advocatus diaboli.* And then— Does Professor Leacock, Canadian, really understand us here in the United States? Is he unaware that we erect idols overnight, only to declare them clay and kick them to pieces in a year or so? They may order it otherwise over the border; but here we reserve the literary rights: First, to reject genius utterly. Second, to print essays about him in the leading magazines that did not tolerate him alive. Third, to turn and rend him.

The one thing we love better than our heroes is the liberty to skin them. As an old and fervent admirer of Stephen Leacock's humor long before the plain people and the plain people's editors found him out, I can only hope that he will never become really popular with us.

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

WE differ about many things, as is the way of cousins, but we are all agreed upon one point, namely, that in our whole family circle there is no such low-brow as Sam. For a few weeks he has been among us, rubbing this fact in. Therefore it may surprise you to hear me say that Sam, from the outbreak of the war until the present moment, has never been unneutral in thought. Yet here there is no real contradiction. The explanation is simple enough. A man cannot be unneutral in thought unless he thinks, and Sam does not think. As soon as Sam read in the papers, not long after the war began, what President Wilson said about the duty of being neutral in thought, Sam thoughtlessly started for the front, thoughtlessly enlisted in the foreign legion, and as thoughtlessly returned after about a year of fighting. I mention these facts because they may help you to realize that he is a casual person, incapable of thinking all round a subject and of taking long views.

A few days ago Sam came to see me. At first he said nothing. He merely sat still and grinned. There was hostility in his grin. The large cigar he had lighted after refusing one of mine was tilted at an unfriendly angle. "Say," he began at last. "It's great isn't it? I take back everything I've been saying about this country of ours. Who would have thought it of us? Bonfires from Maine to Texas, bells ringing, public meetings packed, everybody tumbling over himself because he's crazy to join it, telegrams pouring in on congressmen and senators asking why the devil they don't create it. Well, they'll create it all right. They won't be able to resist such pressure. Never was anything like this before in my time. Never." As soon as he gave me a chance I put in my word. "I have not the pleasure of understanding," I said distinctly, "that to which you refer. Be so good as to explain yourself. What is this 'it' that congress is about to create, and that everybody is crazy to join?" "Why," said Sam, "the expeditionary force. The army the United States is going to let loose against any aggressor, anywhere on earth, who threatens any well-behaved nation with violence or wrong. Hasn't President Wilson said the people and government of the United States stand ready and even eager to coöperate, with every influence and resource at their command, in the means to be adopted to relieve the smaller and weaker peoples of the world of the peril of wrong and violence? Isn't this his offer? Isn't the entire population of the United States yelling itself hoarse in enthusiastic support of this offer?"

"Sam," I replied, "you have been misled, and not I fear for the first time, by your enthusiastic disposition. The state of public opinion which you describe will exist in the United States one of these days, I devoutly hope. At present your description is not free from exaggeration. This, however, is well. By such enthusiasms as yours future truth is created. Certain pragmatists maintain—but I doubt my ability to make their doctrine clear to you. Tell me instead what has led you to think present popular support of Mr. Wilson's offer so very overwhelming?" "What? Why, your blooming high-brow paper," said Sam. "That's what. Doesn't your paper say there would be no justification whatever for his note but for this offer, that without this offer the note would be an impertinent interference with the business of other nations, and that this offer takes all the curse off, every damned bit?" "Something of the kind," I admitted, "we have said. But I am at a loss to comprehend why our language has led you to infer therefrom either pressure in Congress for the creation of an expeditionary force, or public meetings in support of Mr. Wilson's offer, or the nation-wide ringing of applauding bells."

"At a loss?" said Sam. "So that's where you are, is it? Well, you won't stay there. Look here. Suppose I'm one of the belligerent governments. Suppose I believe the only way I can live a quiet life in Europe is by making Germany come out of this war a lot weaker than she was when she went in. Along comes Mr. Wilson and says to me: 'You're wrong about that. There is another way. Weakness and strength are relative things or terms or whatever you call them. Instead of keeping up the war until you've made the aggressor weaker, wouldn't it do just as well to end it by making the forces opposed to aggression stronger? Well, here's my offer. Add to the forces opposed to aggression every influence and resource of the United States, whose people and government are ready and even eager to have this addition made.' What do I do then? If I am on to my job as a belligerent government I take a good hard look at this offer. I want to know how eager the people of the United States are to make it good, and when they will be ready."

"You are overworking the verb 'to make,'" I said, but Sam did not hear me. "Listen," he went on. "Here we have a note that you say would be an impertinent interference if it didn't contain a certain offer. Let's put that offer through the third degree. Does anybody except Mr. Wilson and perhaps Mr. Lansing think the American people are at this moment ready and eager to back it up? No. What statesman is going to take off his coat and work like a nigger to make them eager and ready? Not Mr. Wilson. He thinks the work of converting them to readiness and eagerness has already been done. He says it has. By the war itself, I suppose, and by a few speeches of his own. So what is his offer? It is a note with one name on the back of it, presented for discount to the belligerents. You maintain that the obligation is as certain to be met as if the majority of Americans were the endorsers, and that the rate of discount should be zero. Now I'm willing to admit for the sake of argument that Mr. Wilson's note would not have looked at all like an impertinent interference if it had been endorsed by every voter in the United States. Divide the voters equally, one half for and the other half against, and the difference between the note and an impertinent interference is a damned sight less striking. The less support his offer has the less is this difference visible to the naked eye."

Sam got up to go. "You've got in wrong, old man," he said. "You've got Wilson sized up all wrong. The truth about him is so simple that no high-brow can see it. His first opinion was that the United States could keep out of trouble if it wouldn't look at the war, but just be good and turn its head away. Then he believed he could stop the submarine business by saying things to Germany. Then he hoped he could stop it by making Germany believe he meant what he said. Now he has made up his mind that the only way to stop it is to stop the war. After all, a war that has stopped is the easiest kind to keep out of."

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Books and Things

THE following Saturday cousin Sam came into my room looking for fresh blood, and found me rather solemn. "Don't bully me, Sam," I said, "as you did P. L. last week, not to-day, anyway....I can't stand it on Saturdays....it's only five weeks ago to-day....and it always takes me about two months to get over the effects of the second of December. That day of fasting and that night of prayer with the whole American people on its knees, and the blessing of the machine gun and gas bomb by the Reverend Dr. Manning, the solemn sense of having dedicated myself anew to a high purpose stays with me for two months. I don't mind your jesting about Wilson, but for God's sake do not lay your profane hands upon that item of our foreign policy which we have been celebrating unanimously for ninety-three years. The shade of President Monroe would move uneasily if he thought you and I could forget that anniversary. And Europe, Sam, Europe would think his doctrine a damned bit of impertinence if it weren't that we countersigned it yearly with our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

"It's always that way, Sam, in diplomacy, just the way you described it to P. L. last week. When a government announces a new policy it always means that the Secretary of State has paid a personal visit to every member of the community and got him to sign up. Otherwise, all these dispatches saying that the Government of So-and-So intends to do This-and-That would be mere verbiage, elocution, rhetoric. You remember, don't you, that President Monroe when he wrote that message not only had bonfires and public meetings in every village square, but he had a navy and an army prepared to lick the whole European outfit. You remember that T. R. never made a move till he had power of attorney from every able-bodied American male. *He* wasn't a man to make promises which he didn't *know* we were all dying to back up. And Sir Edward Grey, you remember, Sam, don't you, had the proxy of the last Canadian and New Zealander in his vest pocket when he said England was going to fight if Germany went through Belgium. I share your indignation at this man Wilson. He is the first statesman who ever committed his countrymen to a policy without their unanimous written consent. The history of the world shows, doesn't it, Sam, that war is impossible unless the Foreign Secretary has the full legal authorization of all his people?

"You will recall the bonfires from Auckland to Manitoba, bells ringing, public meetings packed, everybody tumbling over himself because he's crazy to join it, telegrams pouring in for ten years up to August, 1914, asking Sir Edward why the devil New Zealanders can't be allowed to go to Gallipoli and get Constantinople for Russia. They were crazy about it up and down the British Empire. They ate it, drank it, lived it, slept it, didn't they; otherwise do you suppose they'd have stood ready and even eager to coöperate? They yelled themselves hoarse, just as we are doing, at the prospect of being allowed to fight in a war to relieve the smaller and weaker peoples from peril of wrong and violence. If they hadn't had the bonfires and the yelling for years, do you suppose they'd have gone out and died at Anzac when the summons came? You are right, Sam, in thinking, as all lowbrows do, that the world is governed by commonsense. I suppose you too had been sending telegrams to Sir Edward or you wouldn't have enlisted in the Foreign Legion—an act, Sam, for which I deeply respect and honor you, an act which I wish Mr. George Perkins would emulate. Then he and I could talk as sensibly as you and I are now talking."

"It's you that's talking, not I," interposed Sam, "a blue streak if you ask me." "Not at all," I replied before he could go on, "I am merely following out the line of reasoning by means of which you left P. L. speechless last week. I want to get on to that part of your monologue where with delicate but biting satire you imply that there's something very much the matter with President Wilson because he confessed his ignorance of the innermost secrets of M. Trepoff's and Signor Boselli's heart. I know he's a duller man than you, Sam, so I assume you know all about it. You know just where Milner and Curzon and Lyautey and Jonescu and Andrassy and Hollweg get off, and if the Germans sank a ship with a lot of Americans on board you would plunge clear-eyed and determined into that perfectly simple, neatly arranged, well groomed war over there. Well, I don't have your powers of clairvoyance, Sam. I am as befuddled as Wilson and I fear I share his prejudices. If I'm choosing a war I'd prefer one about which I had been consulted a bit beforehand. If we must go into this one, it doesn't seem to me such damned impertinence to ask for a few references.

"I shall not discuss your idea that Wilson is too simple for a highbrow to understand. Maybe he is. To tell you the truth, Sam, I don't remember at this moment whether President Monroe was a dominant American or not. I can't recall whether he was a man T. R. would have admired as a living contemporary who occupied the White House. But I do know Monroe started something with that empty boast of his which has been the excuse and the justification for all the battleships we ever built. I imagine Wilson's trying to start something of the kind, because he knows we've grown so big and spread out so much that if there's another general mêlée we'll be drawn in. I guess he's trying to fix it so that we'll go into it awake if it ever comes. And maybe he's dreamer enough to think it won't come so soon if everybody knows we're thinking seriously of going in. I don't care two straws whether Wilson's a fighter or a mollycoddle. He's saying something which I think will grow greater and acquire more meaning as time goes on and I'm not going to snap at his heels and try to trip him up.

"I wouldn't pick him for a war President. He isn't that kind of fellow, but when the time comes to make good on these promises which he is making in our name he won't be President any more. When this war stops, Sam, Europe will have a quiet time for a generation at least, putting down riot and insurrection and practising the other arts of peace. Then when Germany is ready to try it again, as all the wise men say she will, about twenty years from now, we'll have another man in the White House. It'll be T. R. of course, for by then the Republican party will have discovered it can't live without him. The Cabinet will consist of George Perkins, Robert Bacon, James Beck, George Haven Putnam, General Wood, George von L. Meyer, Dr. Manning, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and the headline writer of the New York *Tribune*. Just think, Sam, what it will mean to them if they can go to war on grounds furnished ready-made by Wilson and heartily approved by Bryan."

W. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

Mae Marsh and Robert Harron in the Triangle-Fine Arts production, "The Wharf Rat." Scenario by Anita Loos. Directed by Chester Withey.

LET all those who put themselves above the twenty-five thousand film theatres of America, who, when they would disport, go to grand opera, or read the *Atlantic Monthly*—let all such children of enlightenment give attention. Let us take the tin horn in hand to toot the glories of a movie.

It is not a photoplay. Nor is it one of those titan spectacles with a roaring orchestra: the caterpillar-tractor war-tanks of the new art. It is merely a whimsical skit misnamed "The Wharf Rat," whose scenario-tinker was Anita Loos and whose whip-cracking director was Chester Withey. It is as inconsequent and undignified, when it chooses, as some beautiful telephone girl chewing gum. It starts out with a bitter snarl at highbrows. Josephine Crowell, who acts the part of the wicked stepmother and incidentally the teacher of a "psycho-craniological" child-culture school, begins the evening's disturbance by making the most dreadful faces. It is to be admitted she has a slap-stick part (the only one) and actually uses a violin for a slap-stick, with smashing effect. In the beginning grandpa kills a man it turns out he did not kill, as we suspected. In the climax Mae Marsh, as the ardent young heroine, jumps into the ocean from the steamer-rail, escaping the wicked step-mother, and is fished out by the pursuing swain in the motor-boat. He wraps her in a blanket and wipes off her face with a handkerchief.

It is the moviest kind of a movie. It is not a comedy. But the well worded captions keep one skipping along happily, if a bit ironically, as in the best of the old Biographs in their day, and the audience snickers. The most extravagant situations are carried off like charades by civilized people improvising a pleasant evening. And then in the intimate places the interest suddenly concentrates into poetry. Spottiswoode Aitken as the grandfatherly violinist is as paternal as Warfield. Along with this he is a fumbling exile and near-martyr, never more delightfully absurd than when, in durance vile, he tries to slap a jailer between the bars. The scenes remembered longest are those where in the little dark rooms in the old steamer the fugitive grandfather and granddaughter live their life of furtive domesticity. Then indeed it is the Intimate Film, or Painting-in-Motion. These are the joys that are new in the world, the gift of the "close-up." The sentiment of family tenderness flies between grandfather and granddaughter like a shuttle weaving white samite. And the next moment it is but a sketch, and here is the unmistakable movie lunch-room, and the unmistakable movie calaboose.

But, O you scorners, who have asked us like Edgar Poe if there is balm in Gilead, if there is a physician there, we answer there is balm in Gilead as long as films like this can be discovered every two or three weeks, and seen several evenings before they depart. I write from Gilead directly, to inform you.

Sometimes in Gilead they ring the cow-bell to dance. Sometimes in Gilead they shake a tin can with a nail in it when the cow-bell has become too exquisite. Sometimes there seems nothing left to do but take out the nail and play shinny. These things have disgusted you with Gilead. But there is balm and honey in Gilead. Did you see Mae Marsh as the wild Girl of the Sierras eating honey with long fingers out of the oak-tree, and Robert Harron the nonchalant young hunter, finding her? Certainly not. But there was Daphne indeed. That was a photoplay, and I told my friends to read Hugo Münsterberg's psychological study "The Photoplay," and go.

But I am speaking of a movie now. All required in the way of preparation is that ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart, that refuses to despise the hundred million lovers of shadow-pictures in this land. Here is the house of fulfilment of craving. Here is the cup with the roses around it: this place where you spend ten cents, and maybe see a good show.

But as to "The Wharf Rat." It is the first time Miss Marsh has acted for us in boy's clothes. No actress has ever convinced anyone in the Rosalind part. It has always been a piece of foolery. Yet in this case it is like children playing bear and soldier: there is fancy in it. The balm of Gilead comes in Mae Marsh's very real struggle to be a girl despite her grandfather who fears their detection. She wants to capture her Orlando, Robert Harron, from the designing young female acted by Pauline Starke. One could make an extended definition of the genus woman from the things Mae Marsh does and the way she looks when trying to shake off even the form of the disguise and to get back into skirts. It is like the butterfly determined to leave the chrysalis, though all the smothering universe says "no." The minute she is alone she is so completely Psyche, that by contrast her masquerade is almost boy-like.

All this I have written to the uninitiate in the cities who have a thousand old-world, traditional joys, and who say with such an air, "I do not go to the films. I find so many other things of interest." The "movie-fans" know what these names mean: Robert Harron, Mae Marsh, Spottiswoode Aitken, Anita Loos. For there is a tradition among the faithful, a freemasonry. We know that in private life Robert Harron would have been a book-keeper. He always acts the casual and unimportant young man, the first voter, as one might say. He is generally dearly beloved by one or two, but the rest of the world very reasonably sees no occasion for it. Robert Harron always tells us the story of how it is when great things happen to such a person. And in Gilead as elsewhere great and terrible things are happening to just such persons. And odd chances, and joys such as these, come also. We "fans" have watched Harron from the old Biograph days when he acted Weak Hands so well in that stone-age-gorilla story, "Man's Genesis." Inventing the stone-club, or rescuing the heroine in the motor-boat; he has always refused to be the hero in strutting fashion. He is as casual as a good movie.

We have fans who have watched Mae Marsh and who have done her honor as an unfailing artist, from the day she played Lily White opposite Weak Hands. She has always fed us her own wild honey, bitter-sweet.

We have seen Spottiswoode Aitken in his tart, gnarled, loving old men, from the days he was the bachelor uncle in "The Avenging Conscience" on through the astringent Huguenot father in "Intolerance" to this mere sketch of a grandfather with a violin. He has been strong and adequate, with a gothic grotesqueness if need be, an Albert Dürer picture, if need be.

There is little in the star system. There is much in the tradition that gathers round players when they are seen in the same groups, in a series of able presentations, under the wand of a photography that truly casts a glamour. Mae Marsh is leaving this special group, and we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wish for her one as able and magical, if it can be engendered from the great deep. People are telling her good-bye as though she were going to Cambodia.

Hunting the thoroughly constructed photoplay, worthy of the world's holiest art gallery, is like hunting the snark. Indeed one must gird up one's loins, one must call in distinguished assistance. But patience finds a good movie with surprising frequency. A good harum-scarum movie, a sort of take-it-or-leave-it, as-you-like-it, turns up for the faithful "fan," though he walk alone.

But if you are too high for inconsequent things, the photoplay still awaits you. Get your local theatre to send for "The Wild Girl of the Sierras," and go four times, and each time watch the maiden eat the honey from the tree. Here is the house of fulfilment of craving. Here is the cup with the roses around it.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

Patronizing the War

Understanding Germany, by Max Eastman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

MAX EASTMAN does not pretend to reach his "understanding" of Germany through any preference for things German. His understanding is the outcome of his general mode of thinking and merely part of his theory for the war. If an ordinary partisan spoke of "understanding Germany" it would mean only one thing, it would mean he excused and favored Germany. In Max Eastman's case it means that he declines to see Germany as the agent of trouble in an international system otherwise practicable. It means that he sees Germany quite clearly as the first European "part" that buckled in a system that was bound to end in trouble; and therefore, regarding the system as questionable, he feels it idle to blame the faulty German part in particular. The thing to do is not to recriminate. What is the use of getting angry with a defective mechanism? The subject is to be approached in the manner of the psychologist, the diagnostician. The only possible service is to prescribe against its recurrence.

In no place does Max Eastman use any such trite mechanistic phrase as "system," but that remains the interpretation one has to put on "Understanding Germany." It is not merely that he pleads that the Germans are human. He implies that their behavior has been inevitable. You are indignant about Belgium, he asks. You ought to be indignant about "the causes of war." You resent the raw and brutal frankness as to the violation of Belgium. How about the refined and tactful casuistry as to the violation of Greece? You are inflamed over the atrocities. How about the "atrocities committed by English, French, Russian, Serbian soldiers?" You hate "German" militarism. There is no such thing as German militarism. The Germans are not a different kind of people from the English. They are the same kind of people placed in different circumstances. F. S. Oliver and Lord Roberts talked "militarism" just as the Germans did. So does General O'Ryan in New York. If you hate militarism, "do not delude yourself into imagining it is Germany that you hate. It is yourselves as you will become, if the dreams of your munition-makers and gold-braid patriots are realized."

There is, of course, a purpose in this mode of thinking about the war, this mechanistic talk about the same people in different circumstances. It is revealed with Max Eastman's suggestion of a super-society, of patriotism and the way to manage it, of supra-nationalism and the way to end war. Like so many men whose temperateness seems almost a cause for reproach, who appear unconcerned in the face of struggle and agony, Max Eastman discloses himself as outside partisanship not because he is inhuman but because he sees no hope for humanity in making militancy the helmsman, sees hope for it only in directing that pugnacious energy inherent in mankind against mindless opponents incorrigibly unfriendly and lawless. He believes that an inseparable condition of the present war is nationalism, that if people thought and felt supra-nationally, wars like the present one could not happen. Patriotism is egoism, we ought to hate it as a cause of war. Like other egoism, it is incurable. It inheres in human nature and comes out in the pseudo-organism of the nation. But it can be attached to a new unit, and we can alter the environment so as to remove the "occasions" of international war. "Offer that instinct of self-identification a larger group to which it may cling." You cannot root out patriotism but you ought to fix the "habit of loyalty" to a league, a union, a greater state. That state, drawn out of the disorder of nations to-day as the smaller state was drawn out of tribes and clans, is as yet only a promise and a hope. In spite of that, the abolition of war, the federation of the world, is "a matter of Christianity and good business." The wiser internationalist capitalists see it as such. And when they abolish war, with the aid of the socialists, "we can the more assiduously attend to our gentle crime of abolishing capitalism."

This is not inhuman. Compared with the intemperateness about Germany among the leisure class in America, it is the acme of humanity. It is, nevertheless, extraordinarily smug and condescending and bland. What one seeks in Max Eastman is not partisanship with either set of belligerents, much less an advocacy of fighting. Everyone deplores the wastefulness of pugnacity. But one does seek an imaginative realization of the national beings and the human beings involved. The war is a hellish thing to have happen in Europe, a mad thing, a culpable, an atrocious. No one knows what will be the outcome for future international relations, so savage are the passions now seething. But the situation having arisen, whatever the selfish and sinister causes, it cannot be imaginatively conceived by an internationalist as if it were happening on Jupiter.

Max Eastman takes the attitude that the war is a sort of delirium tremens, a debauch, and "uninteresting." If man were born for socialism alone, to behave according to the presumptions of the socialists, that might be a pardonable way of taking the war. But however egregious the war may seem from the standpoint of systematization, it is not egregious so far as Frenchmen and Germans and Russians and Belgians and Austrians and Turks and Englishmen and seven other combatant governments are concerned. And as this fight is fought, self-identifications for the future will be decided. By the cement of blood men will establish many new political arrangements. To stand aside, therefore, and patronize the war, talk of it smoothly and smugly, is about as insufferable as it is for the ruling class to patronize poverty. If a man has any pretensions to public spirit he has not only to theorize for society. He has to take the public as it finds itself, not as he would prefer to have it. He cannot refuse to deal with it unless it behaves like a Little Lord Fauntleroy. It is a pose, of course, to say the war is uninteresting, but under-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neath the pose there is a sincere impatience with actuality, a contempt of facts for falling out as they do. To be in love with love is the sophomore's characteristic, to fail of love the moment the human object falls below one's expectation. Something of the same trait is exhibited in Max Eastman's relations to society. Because the war is distasteful he regards it as inconsequential. He discusses it without genuine appreciation of its immediate throbbing problem and pain.

It comes, I suppose, from the excessive simplifications to which Max Eastman is prone. Knowing, as his note on Nietzsche shows, that it is silly to be too simple about egoism in human beings, he himself underestimates the difficulty of adjustment between national beings, though the civil war in this country is such a terrific commentary on the prescription of a new "habit of loyalty." There is no system that can ensure the perfect relations of personalities, and nations are personalities as well as mechanisms, with "causes of war" on every side. To distribute the blame equally in the present instance, on the ground that both sides are human, is also too damnably simple. Germany is not a figment, neither is Russia, neither is England. Once before Germany had her individual will of Frenchmen, to the point of taxing them, and very nearly succeeded this second time. Such things are consequential for generations. They are, if you like, unpleasant—unpleasant as smallpox in the next street. But they aren't uninteresting. Only a pathologist who saw human beings exclusively as guinea pigs and had become bored with smallpox could afford to take that view. The pathologist, one may retort, appears inhuman merely because, like Max Eastman, he is curative by the wholesale rather than the retail. But there are symptoms in Max Eastman of the intellectualist who thinks that man exists for his theory rather than the theory for man.

Such intellectualism can be given an illustration. Only a while ago it was the fashion of socialists to pooh-pooh patriotism. It did not fit in with the theory of the international solidarity of labor, and for that reason it was conveniently said and felt to be negligible. That fashion has passed. It is in line with a new manœuver that Max Eastman should take patriotism with the seriousness already indicated. Patriotism is now one of the unalterable facts of human nature. The motive of patriotic fighting is now a native impulse of our constitutions. The backbone of the sentiment of patriotism is hereditary. Patriotism is incurable. It "is a fighting self-identification with the gang, the tribe, the nation. It is there in our human hearts forever." And so on. "This fact has been ignored by those immersed in the economic interpretation, because the instinctive nature of man was not discovered until after economics got well under way. But we might as well acknowledge it now."

Having authorized the "instinctive nature of man," Max Eastman explains the war with all too little trouble ("I have brought to the task the equipment of a psychologist"), "The causes of war are innumerable, but the underlying condition without which, no matter what causes arose, wars could neither begin nor continue, is that egregious fighting identification of self with a nation which is neither German nor English (nor even Irish) but a general human attribute. This is the thing we ought to be hating; instead we are cultivating it in ourselves by hating another nation."

If one had refused to defer to the "solidarity of labor," when it was in fashion, why should one now defer to this new psychological interpretation, equally complete and equally bland? The "causes of war," in point of fact, are no easy matter to diagnose. The sublimation of nationalism may meet some of the causes, difficult as that sublimation will be to accomplish. But the problem is not simple, when one race can quite frankly profit by exterminating another, as the white race profited by exterminating the red, and when one government can quite frankly plot to betray another into war, as Bismarck's Germany plotted to "do up" France. These things do not fit into formula. They ought not to be glibly explained.

There is this, however, to be said in favor of Max Eastman's "Understanding Germany"; an extreme rationalism about Germany is serviceable in an America that is filled with empty cant about the war.

There is a kind of human being who anatomically resembles a sausage, all meat and very thin as to the skin. That is the kind of human being who most of all wants the Japanese hustled to the trenches and the United States to declare war on Hoboken, who is willing to have the war last forever so that he can retain his peace of body. He sits in gloom because Germany is not yet beaten. Germany afflicts him as something indigestible might afflict him, something that upsets the place where he really lives.

When you consider that the world is full of such people as this, the German and the English world as well the American, you hesitate to criticize anyone who has the clean, amazing temperateness of Max Eastman. You realize that such antiseptic thinking as Max Eastman's has fineness and rareness, that it is beyond the capacity of most people even to initiate, and beyond all but a very few to sustain. The world in which Max Eastman lives

TIFFANY & CO.

THE QUALITY IS PROVERBIAL

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is so different from the blind forest of grunting and rooting vitalities that the mere reminder of it is a final criticism of lives which proceed without vision. You have to dissociate your own criticism of Max Eastman from those criticisms that would be the result of enragement. Once you do it, however, you may say that his vision of the war is, like most visions, open to certain objections. To put those objections intelligently is not easy. It is not easy to discriminate against any man who aims at detachment without feeding the base prejudices that pick up every partisan word. But there are too few Max Eastmans in the United States to have his vision of the war presented without venturing one's estimate of it, whatever the risk of pleasing the obtuse.

F. H.

Inventing a Great Race

The Passing of the Great Race, by Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THE people of New York are indebted to the author of this book for much valuable scientific work that has been done by the Zoölogical Garden and the American Museum of Natural History, to both of which institutions he has given much of his time and energy. It is therefore with some reluctance that we express ourselves frankly in regard to his book, "The Passing of the Great Race." The opinions expressed in this book are, however, so dangerous, that the very fact that the author is well known on account of his scientific interest, and that the book is introduced by a man so eminent as President Henry Fairfield Osborn, makes it necessary to expose the fallacies on which it is built up.

The author does not refer to previous writers who have expressed similar opinions; but his book is practically a modern edition of Gobineau, and a reflex of the opinions of Chamberlain. It is a dithyrambic praise of the blond, blue-eyed white and of his achievements; a Cassandric prophecy of all the ills that will befall us on account of the increase of dark-eyed types.

Fortunately, the supposed scientific data on which the author's conclusions are based are dogmatic assumptions which cannot endure criticism. First of all, the whole concept of heredity as held by him is faulty. The hereditary lines that are present in every single race are very diverse. Every race contains excellent strains, a vast number of mediocre strains, and some strains that are subnormal. There is nothing to show that all the blond, blue-eyed, tall individuals present excellent strains; there are mediocre and subnormal types among them just as well as among other races; and the proof has never been given that the relative number of excellent hereditary strains in this race is greater than in others. To speak of hereditary characteristics of a human race as a whole has no meaning. It might perhaps be doubted if this statement were true in regard to extreme types, although personally I strongly incline towards the opinion that it holds true in this case also, but it certainly is true in regard to the variants that compose the European types.

The author, furthermore, has dismissed cavalierly the fundamental problem in how far local types of Europe can be considered as environmentally determined, and in how far they present hereditary traits. Tallness, which the author considers as an important criterion of racial type, is subject to very great variations. We know that, owing to better hygienic conditions, stature has increased considerably in all countries of Europe during the last fifty years; we also know that in England the difference between West End Jew and East End Jew is as great as the difference between almost any two different types of various parts of the Continent. Contrary to the statement of the author (see p. 25), who says that mountaineers all over the world tend to be tall and vigorous, they are, on the whole, of short stature. We have evidence, collected by the writer of this review and by Dr. Aleš Hrdička, showing that the transversal diameter of the face is subject to changes due to environment. The observations in regard to modifications of head-form under varying environment are multiplying. In short, there is every reason to believe that, so far as stature and proportions of the body are concerned, the local differences of human types found in Europe are not by any means exclusively hereditary, but also to a great extent environmental, and that the environmental influences are of the same magnitude as the local differences.

No less unsatisfactory is the dogmatic application of Mendelian inheritance to problems of race-mixture. The author assumes naïvely that the various traits which he picks out haphazard are unit characters. Even extreme Mendelians would hesitate to accept this without proof. As a matter of fact, there is not a single case in which we have satisfactory proof of Mendelian inheritance in regard to normal characteristics of the human body. Neither head-form, nor color of hair, nor color of eyes, nor form of face, has ever been proved satisfactorily to be a unit character. Besides, the author does not consider the physiological significance of blondness and of general loss of pigmentation. Many of the characteristics of the white race, as well as racial traits of other races, are those of varieties of an intensely domesticated species, as has been suggested by the writer and more fully by Eugen Fischer.

It would lead us too far to enter into the numerous inconsistencies in the treatment of this subject, which show that the prime interest of the author was to support his theory, or, I think we might justly say, his prejudice, rather than to reach unbiased conclusions based on observed facts. In some cases he considers the form of the head as of fundamental classificatory value, in others he treats it as irrelevant. Stature is sometimes considered an important dominant feature; then it is the first trait that is likely to vanish in the case of mixture. Notwithstanding his decisive stand against environmental influences, he says on p. 79 that the native American, by the middle of the nineteenth century, was rapidly becoming a distinct type, and was on the point of developing physical peculiarities of his own.

It is a relief to turn from the discussion of racial characteristics to the discussion of the relation between race, language, and nationality. It is so difficult to displace the old ideas of intimate relation between descent, language, and nationality, that we are glad to see that the clear recognition of lack of correlation between these phenomena has penetrated into a popular book. Nevertheless, in the further discussion of human types, the author forgets his own vigorous statements, and falls back repeatedly upon the assumption of identity of race and language, as when he speaks of the introduction of new languages in the British Isles and in Italy.

The dogmatic character of the book does not appear anywhere more clearly than in those cases in which, without the slightest evidence, the presence of North European types is assumed on account of the cultural characteristics of a people. As an example of this may be quoted the following:

"To what extent the Mediterranean race entered into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the blood and civilization of Rome, it is now difficult to say, but the traditions of the Eternal City, its love of organization, of law and military efficiency, as well as the Roman ideals of family life, loyalty, and truth, point clearly to a Nordic rather than to a Mediterranean origin."

Unfortunately, stubborn facts do not lend themselves to such Procrustean treatment. Somehow or other, the author considers the Armenians, who certainly ought not to aspire to greatness because they are merely a dark Alpine type, as the best remaining medium through which western ideals and culture can be introduced into Asia. This may be so; but then, unfortunately, their fight will be first of all against the great Nordic Kurds!

We cannot follow in detail the reconstruction of the history of the European races, which contains some material that is substantiated by archæological evidence, but which is mainly built up on assumptions, that have been selected, as it would seem, solely because, if true, they might demonstrate the superiority of the northwest European type. The vast amount of fanciful reconstruction indicated in these pages may best be seen from the maps accompanying the book. The first of these is called "Maximum Expansion of Alpines with Bronze Culture—3000--1800 B.C. (generalized scheme)." The generalization means the hypothesis which suits the author. The same is true of the second map, "Expansion of the Pre-Teutonic Nordics, 1800--100 B.C." A third map illustrates the expansion of the Teutonic Nordics and Slavic Alpines, 100 B.C.--A.D. 100; and the last one shows the present distribution of these types. All of them present to a certain point general movements, but they are entirely fanciful in their details.

The book obviously has not been written for the purpose of setting forth scientifically well founded data on which to base a theory, but its object is to show that democratic institutions and the arrival of immigrants of non-northwest-European type are a danger to the welfare of the American people. I may quote from the first chapter, "Race and Democracy":

"In America we have nearly succeeded in destroying the privilege of birth; that is, the intellectual and moral advantage a man of good stock brings into the world with him. We are now engaged in destroying the privilege of wealth; that is, the reward of successful intelligence and industry; and in some quarters there is developing a tendency to attack the privilege of intellect and to deprive a man of the advantages of an early and thorough education. Simplified spelling is a step in this direction." (p. 6.)

"We Americans must realize that the altruistic ideals which have controlled our social development during the past century, and the maudlin sentimentalism that has made America 'an asylum for the oppressed,' are sweeping the nation toward a racial abyss." (p. 228.)

It is owing to this purpose, that, in every case in which a nation has suffered by war or other misfortunes, the author makes it appear that the following period of depression was due to loss of blond elements. He feels compelled, however, although with poor grace, to grant to the Mediterranean race ability in artistic activities.

In the chapters devoted to the discussion of Aryan languages, the author stands entirely on the antiquated standpoint of those philosophers who were primarily concerned with the cultural values of languages. He still adheres to the exploded notion that the morphological basis of Aryan languages was fundamentally distinct in value from that of other languages, and that Aryan is the one "synthetic" language *par excellence*. Even the most superficial knowledge of other linguistic groups proves that this

A Recent Letter from Jane Austen

My dear Cassandra:—

I am forwarding you by this post a little book* on which I am extremely anxious to hear your opinion. I shall hope to receive so long and minute an account of every particular of your feeling in regard to it, that I shall be tired of reading it.

For I know how great importance you attach to the subject of woman's independence and how eager you are to discover a method whereby it can be effected. You have been most forbearing with me and my many doubts as to whether women should be burdened with the perplexities of government.

I recall that in our last conversation you went so far as to share the opinion of those who hold that the United States' Constitution should be amended to include women.

As with many of what I am pleased to call your irrational ideas, I have discovered more enlivening responses since we parted than I could present at the time. I will not delay to set them forth here, for Mister Tucker has expressed the reason against your proposal with far more meaning than could my feeble pen. Read it and remember, my dear sister, that no one is counted really wise who does not know that there is another side to the question on which he has formed an opinion, (or had it formed for him).

I am not surprised that you did not find my last letter very full of matter, and I wish this may not have the same deficiency; but we are doing nothing ourselves to write about and I am therefore quite dependent on my reading and my wits. Fare you well.

Yours very affectionately,

J. Austen.

Miss Austen, Edward Austen's, Esq.
Gomersham Park, Faversham, Kent.

P. S.—I enclose the feeling of two others regarding Mister Tucker's book—

"Many interesting side-lights on constitutional history are given in the course of the study."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Mr. Tucker speaks with no uncertain voice and we wish that this volume could be put in the hands of every voter in the United States."—*Virginia Law Register.*

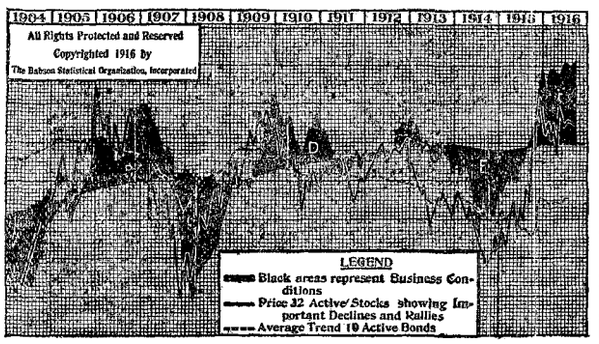
*WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE BY CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT. By H. St. George Tucker. $1.35 net, postpaid.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

209 Elm Street
New Haven, Conn.

280 Madison Avenue
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916
All Rights Protected and Reserved
Copyrighted 1916 by
The Babson Statistical Organization, Incorporated
LEGEND
Black areas represent Business Conditions
Price 32 Active Stocks showing Important Declines and Rallies
Average Trend 10 Active Bonds

What's Coming?

Babson's investment bulletin, which will be off the press about January 1, will carefully analyze

"The Outlook for 1917"

It will discuss the extraordinary conditions of the stock and bond market here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to investors and bankers, to whom it will be sent free.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.

Address Dept. P-36 of the

BABSON STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION

Compiling Building Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Character in the World

PAINTINGS BY AMERICAN IMPRESSIONISTS AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS ALWAYS ON VIEW

DANIEL GALLERY

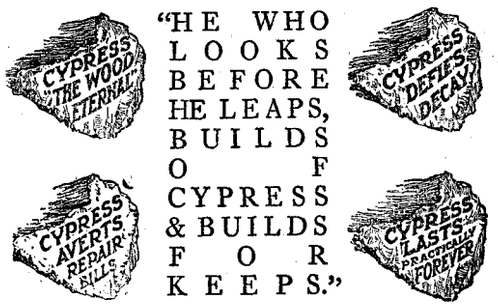
2 WEST 47TH STREET NEW YORK

"THE CHRONICLER OF OLD NEW YORK"

VALENTINE'S MANUAL :NEW: SERIES

NINETY-SEVEN PICTURES OF OLD NEW YORK AND SEVENTY HISTORICAL ARTICLES

For Sale at All Booksellers



"HE WHO LOOKS BEFORE HE LEAPS, BUILDS O F CYPRESS & BUILDS F O R K E E P S."

Why not write us?

All-round Helps Department

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Ass'n

1255 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La.

1255 Heard Nat'l Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

is not the case. With this the whole discussion of what race was responsible for the origin of the great Aryan language becomes meaningless.

It is necessary to state emphatically against the tendency of this book, that nobody has so far succeeded in proving racial superiority, and certainly nothing like the superiority of one European type over another one; that the whole formulation of the problem as a struggle between different races is misleading; and that if we were to follow purely rational eugenic methods, which fortunately we cannot do, we should have to select our best endowed individuals from the most divergent types, and many of the scions of North-European nobility who do conform with Mr. Grant's racial requirements would have to be removed from our society on account of their degeneracy. That kind of a race aristocracy of which Mr. Grant is dreaming is unreal, and has occurred only in those cases in which a people of pronounced local type have conquered another people of distinct type.

FRANZ BOAS.

Recent Publications

With the Russian Wounded, by Tatiana Alexinsky. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 2/6.

THE author is the wife of Gregor Alexinsky, who played so revolutionary a rôle in the Second Duma that he was exiled to Paris. On the outbreak of the war, Mrs. Alexinsky, who shares her husband's internationalist hopes, went to Russia primarily to discover if it really was a people's war. Several months as a nurse in a hospital train finally destroyed her early scepticism. "All wars are not the same," her patients would say to her, "but ours is a just war." Other ideas, however, received confirmation. There was a touching, dull wonder at the stupidity of a world which made wars necessary—even the most ignorant peasants expressed that. There was also a friendliness towards the prisoners—especially the Austrians—which put to shame the safe belligerency of the civilian stay-at-homes. And if, in spite of this, there was likewise a determination to fight this war "to a finish," it was only because the men believed it was the one sure way to end future conflicts. This high faith or illusion—if illusion it be—seems to keep up the morale of the soldiers when all other appeals fail; the tragedy is, that all share in the belief, Germans as fervidly as others. In their worst agony comes the thought, "I am enduring this that my children and my children's children may not." They must believe. "Never, as I worked all day and all night, did I hear a single groan, a single cry; but there were several men who, with their heads pressed hard against the wall, lost consciousness and sank down on to the floor." To realize how keenly the soldiers are convinced that their suffering has a mightier purpose than its own discipline of grief transforms what might seem mere animal stoicism into something very like conscious self-sacrifice. A sketchy, vivid book, which many feminists may read with something of a shock. For if the fact that hundreds of women are fighting in the first-line trenches held by the Russian army does not of itself surprise them, certainly the calm, every-day tone with which Mrs. Alexinsky speaks of it will—"among them we saw four women in military uniforms. One was a pretty girl

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about eighteen. Two were about twenty-five, and the fourth looked like a suffragette, which made it difficult to tell her age. They were volunteers."

Tomorrow, Letters to a Friend in Germany, by Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

A GENEROUS portion of Professor Münsterberg's last book, "Tomorrow," is really about yesterday. He analyzes that middle ground or meeting-place in American public opinion where contemporary passions and opinions are gradually cooling into the mould of history. The purpose of that analysis coincides with his desire—he tries to show that the early general anger of this country against Germany was based on a misunderstanding and that friendship, if not admiration, will soon take the place of that artificial and press-provoked hate, when new facts are learned and old facts reconsidered. For instance, the recent indignation against the Belgian deportations would be regarded by him more as an unhappy survival of a mistaken past than as a continuance of a traditional mood of anti-Germanism. When President Eliot enumerates the points of common political aspiration which bind us to the Allies, Professor Münsterberg labors to prove that these are equally the social ideals of the German race. He was hopeful of an early peace; rather pathetically, as it seems now, he voiced confidence that he would visit his friend in the Fatherland when the roses bloomed. And that peace was to be reasonably permanent. Underlying the scheme of it was the same desire to bring Germany and America closer together. When the war is over, he said, Germany will have to choose between Russia and Japan on one side and England and America on the other. Our task should be to modify England's mood of belligerency and liberalize her peace terms so that the momentous decision may be made in our favor. There, according to his view of it, would be a rational grouping of great powers—the Orient and the Occident. There would be no unnatural alliance. Whatever its mistakes or queer placings of emphasis, his last book—like all his books about the war—was happily an honest and moderate attempt to extend international good will rather than an attempt to destroy it.

Contributors

to this issue

HERBERT CROLY is an editor of The New Republic.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT was graduated from Harvard in 1910, has spent many months in Belgium, and is the author of "War Bread."

PATRICK L. QUINLAN was one of the leaders of the Paterson silk-workers' strike, and was imprisoned on charges growing out of the strike controversy.

H. N. BRAILSFORD is an English publicist, author of books on foreign policy and economics, and an authority on the Balkans.

VACHEL LINDSAY is a well known American poet, and author of "The Art of the Moving Picture."

FRANZ BOAS is professor of anthropology at Columbia University, editor of the Journal of American Folk-Lore, and has written many books and papers in his subject.

Mrs. Mabel Dodge

is prepared to assist in the furnishing and decorating of rooms, to supply ideas of her own, or to express those of her clients.

CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT —— 23 FIFTH AVENUE

Lyon & Healy Harp
THE LYON & HEALY HARP IS THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD
It is used in the great orchestras of America and Opera Houses of Europe. A young girl can easily learn to play the Harp and she gains thereby not only the ability to entertain, but also a lucrative profession. Harpists are greatly in demand for concert work, also for churches and orchestras. Send for catalog.
LYON & HEALY
Founded 1864
50-60 Jackson Blvd. Chicago

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIETY

THREE times each month TOWN & COUNTRY appears on your library table like an illustrated letter from your friends in many cities. There was never a paper with such a carefully appointed list of correspondents—and never did a paper perform its task of including and excluding with such thoroughness and discernment.

The result is a magazine with a surprising number of pages devoted to telling about the latest entertainments of Society, the latest play or opera, or book or art exhibition; devoted to recounting interesting incidents about people of note, about amateur sport as it appeals to people of wealth, about their new homes and about club and country house life. Always with this comment appear photographs—which do not appear elsewhere, usually exclusively posed. If you are not seeing this paper as regularly as you might, order it now.

Town & Country

Established 1846

NO. 8 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK

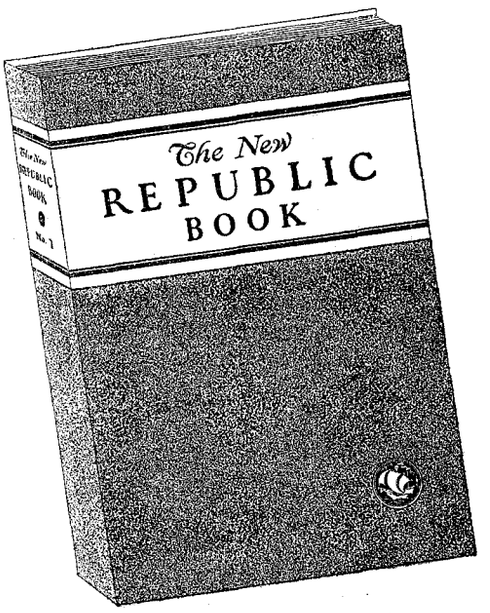
36 ISSUES. $5.00 A YEAR. 25 CENTS A COPY

SPECIAL SIX MONTHS' OFFER

Kindly send me TOWN & COUNTRY for 6 months (18 issues), for $2.00, payable on receipt of bill.

Name.....

Address.....



JUST PUBLISHED

Perhaps you have read The New Republic intermittently from the beginning and remember articles here and there which have captured your attention but which you have forgotten or are unable to find. You are likely to find such articles in this book in a permanent form. Or, perhaps you are only a recent reader of The New Republic, and while you do not care to purchase complete back files of the magazine you would like in short compass an indication of its perspective and the foundations of its present attitudes. This book will go far to furnish these. Perhaps you have not read The New Republic but are looking for any book of well written articles on interesting and important subjects. In that case too The New Republic Book will serve your purpose.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 W. 21st ST., NEW YORK CITY

For the enclosed $1.50, *please send THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOK to:*

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED